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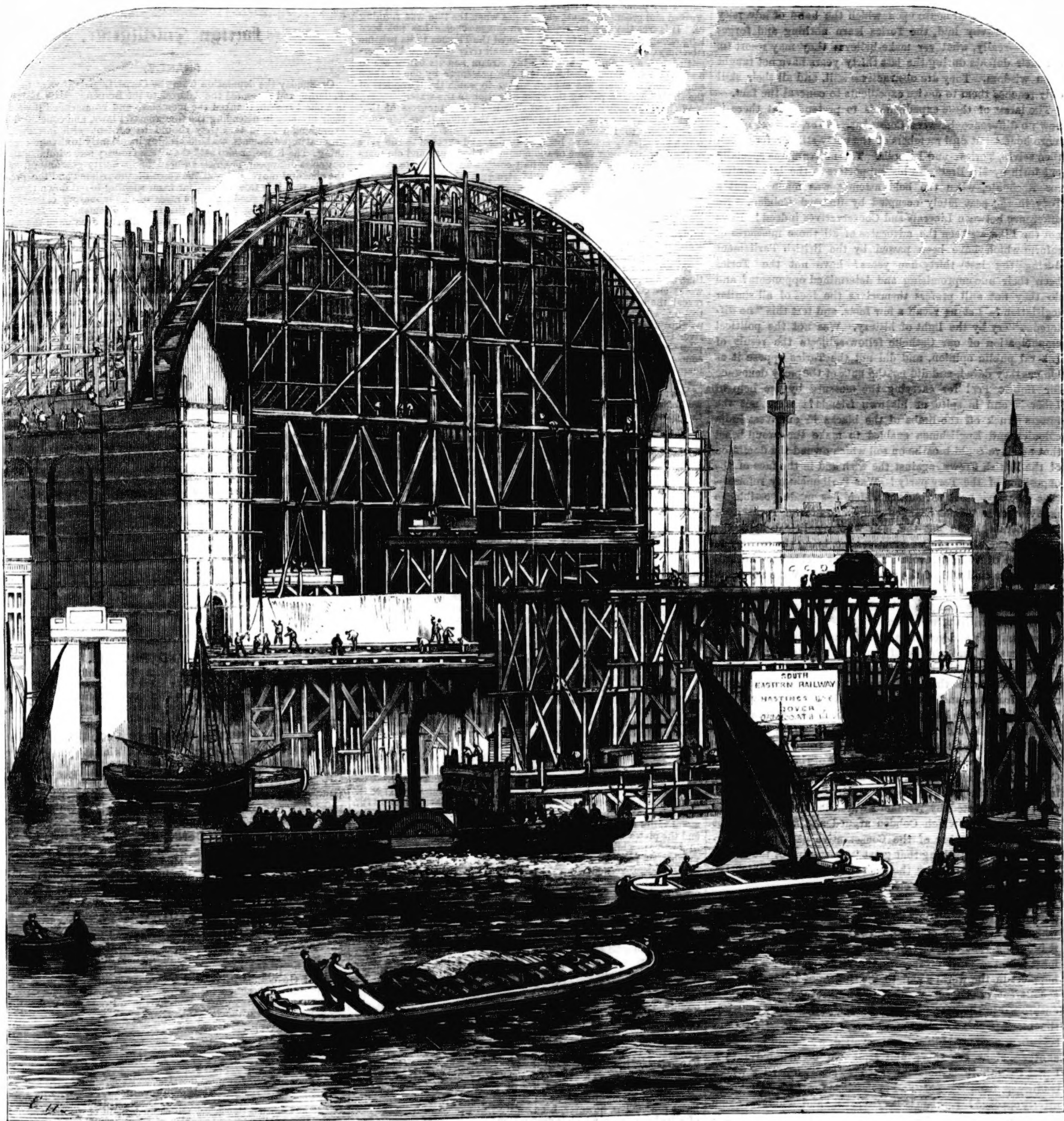
LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES.

It is a melancholy and humiliating history that of Toryism during the last third part of a century: always battling on the losing side, always defeated, always compelled to succumb to the "inexorable logic of facts," always reduced to the

necessity of adopting the ideas of their opponents, after these ideas have become facts and part of irreversible history. With only two brief tastes of the delights of power, the opponents of progress in this country have had nothing with which to comfort themselves, save indulging in the illusion that a time

was coming when the people would adopt their principles, and once more commit to their hands permanent sway over the destinies of Great Britain.

Hope springs immortal in the Tory breast; and so a reaction in favour of Conservatism, and a returning wave



GREAT SCAFFOLDING ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES FOR THE ERECTION OF THE CANNON-STREET STATION OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

of popular favour that shall again waft them to the Ministerial side of the Speaker's chair, is what the advocates of "things as they are" continue to hope against hope for. Vain delusion! The devotees of "cold obstruction" can never more bear rule in England for any lengthened period. Their day is past; and, to gain even a chance of power, Conservatives must march with the times. 'Tis a hard fate, perhaps; but it is inevitable, and must be accepted. This is the melancholy—the sad—part of the story. The humiliating element consists in this, that Toryism has had to have recourse to an alias, and endeavour to conceal itself under the new, but somewhat unmeaning, name of Conservatism; that it has had to adopt the doctrines of its enemies and conquerors, and to applaud those who have been the instruments of its overthrow; and that even all this has been in vain. The sneer of Mr. Disraeli against the Whigs of having stolen the political garments of the Radicals, is even more true of his own party than of those at whom it was levelled. He and his party have constantly to flaunt in borrowed—nay, sometimes in cast-off—robes, and to profess opinions against which they whilome battled first in the pride of confident power and then with the desperation of despair. And yet even all this will not serve their purpose, and they are still condemned to play the same ignoble part, and to hope on for that Conservative reaction which cometh not. Verily, a sad plight, and a humbling. All the more so, that there must be in the secret souls of the most enlightened members of the party a feeling that their punishment is merited. Like an illustrious Royal house upon which the hand of adversity has been heavily laid, the Tories learn nothing and forget nothing—really, whatever make-believes they may resort to. All their defeats during the last thirty years have not taught them wisdom. They are obstructives still, and all their skill only teaches them to devise expedients to conceal the fact.

The latest of these expedients is to pretend that there is now no difference between Conservatives—or, as some of the more honest but dull members of the party still prefer to call themselves, Tories—and Liberals. This nostrum was specially put forth by Mr. Brett and his supporters in the late contest for Rochdale, when the bold attempt was made to put a Tory in the seat lately occupied by Richard Cobden. No difference between Liberals and Conservatives indeed! Have not the Liberals been the advocates of all those measures of reform which have been passed by the British Parliament during the last thirty-five years? have not the Tories been their uncompromising and determined opponents? and do they not still profess themselves the foes of all similar legislation? Let us recall a few facts, and test this "no difference" cry by the light of history. Was not the political emancipation of our Catholic fellow-subjects the result of Liberal public opinion, and did not the Tories oppose it as long as they dared, and did not the bulk of the party denounce Sir Robert Peel for carrying the measure by the help of Liberals and in spite of his own friends? Were not the fetters struck off the limbs of the blacks in our West India colonies, and Englishmen enabled to make the proud boast that no slave could breathe on soil which owned the dominion of the British Crown, against the wish and in the face of the opposition of the Tory party? Was Parliamentary reform—that great peaceful revolution which has made possible so many other beneficial changes—the work of the Tories or of the Liberals? Did not the men whose political heirs the present generation of Conservatives are, bring the country to the verge of violent revolution ere they yielded to the universal voice and will of the people in 1832? Were not poor-law reform, and municipal reform, and the initiation of law reform, things which the Liberals supported and the Tories opposed? Bentham, and Romilly, and Brougham were not Conservatives; and yet these were the men who first exposed the anomalies and abuses of our legal system and made the changes which have since been effected necessities. Is it to the Tories that the people owe untaxed bread, commercial freedom, and the almost marvellous prosperity which has resulted from late fiscal legislation? What share had Conservatives in the labours of Richard Cobden, C. P. Villiers, John Bright, and the other apostles of free trade? Have Tories part or lot in the well-earned fame of these men? Did Conservatives help forward or did they oppose the great work initiated by the free-traders, practically begun by Sir Robert Peel, and perfected by William Ewart Gladstone? Did they aid the cause for which Cobden argued and Ebenezer Elliot sang? What member of the Conservative party was instrumental in accomplishing that great "sweetening of the breath of society," by untaxing the poor man's loaf, for which Dr. Chalmers used to plead so eloquently?

These are some of the measures which Liberals have supported and have carried; and these are measures every one of which Conservatives opposed. To the policy of the Liberals it is owing that the British people are at this moment the most free, the most prosperous, the most contented, and the happiest in the world; and to the success of Liberalism and the defeat of Conservatism it is owing that her Majesty is enthroned in the hearts of her people, and that her dynasty is the most popular and most secure in Europe. Had Conservatism and not Liberalism prevailed, we should have seen another sight ere this; and shall we be deluded into a belief that there is no difference between two parties whose traditions from the past and professions for the future are so utterly opposed? Toryism is Toryism still; and, whatever name it may assume or whatever professions it may make, its adherents will oppose progress and improvement in the future as they have opposed them in the past. Fine words butter no parsnips; bad trees produce not good fruit; and let none

believe that Tories—or, if the name pleases them better, Conservatives—will ever become reformers. It is true, that the work of reform yet to do is less than the task that has already been accomplished; still there are many evil things yet in the state of the body politic, and let not any one be deceived into betraying the cause of further reform by believing the cry that there is "no difference" between Liberals and Conservatives. We do not forget that there are men in the Liberal ranks who were not always Liberals, and may not really be so now, just as there are men in the Conservative ranks who were not always Conservatives; but it is the policy of parties, and not the conduct of individuals, with which we concern ourselves.

As our readers know, this Journal is no party organ; nor does it advocate rash or extreme measures, or join in popular cries merely because they are popular. For the personal character and intellect of some of the leaders of the Conservative party we have the highest respect. But we cannot allow this cry of no difference between parties to pass unnoticed, nor refrain from doing what in us lies to expose so mischievous a pretence.

THE NEW BRIDGE AND STATION OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY AT CANNON-STREET.

WONDERFUL changes have come over the River Thames during the last few months, changes so remarkable that our country cousins coming to spend their Easter holidays in London must altogether fail to recognise that stream which they have for so many years associated with fog, and dirt, and dingy, sordid wharves, where crazy barges lay prone in the slimy ooze at low water, or dumb lighters creaked and groaned against slimy piles when the tide was running in. It is true that the metropolitan drainage scheme has not been long enough in operation to have restored the Thames to its pristine silverness, even if the multitude of small river steamers had permitted such a revolution, but both the stream and its banks are in a state of marvellous transition, and the passenger by one of these same penny steamers has enough to do to watch the "wonders of the shore," without paying too close attention to the water.

We have already described and illustrated the progress of that great embankment which will reconstruct the whole river-side from Westminster to Blackfriars; but apart from this gigantic work, which has already made no little clearance, and exposed to the view of the river-passenger some of the quaint old buildings and churches lying off river-side London, the half-completed bridges are objects of intense interest. That enormous structure which is to supersede the old Blackfriars Bridge lies so close to the great railway bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover line that it is at first difficult to distinguish the works belonging to each undertaking; while, to render the confusion worse confounded, the temporary timber bridge, with its reverberating carriage-road and upper footway, seems to be mixed up with the other two in a bewildering tangle of spars, beams, girders, columns, and ironwork.

No sooner have we emerged from the archways of these three than we discover that beyond the black bridge of Southwark similar works are going on; that along the river-side gaps in the frontage reveal those queer old churches of the cruet-stand-order of architecture, which lie off Upper Thames-street, and all that quaint neighbourhood. In the very centre of this district the great, broad river is spanned by an enormous framework of timber, the huge piles and beams of which denote that another railway-bridge is in course of construction, while, adjoining it, at the water's edge, is reared such a lofty tower of close scaffolding, that it is a perfect marvel how men can find room to work between the branching forest of beams and spars lying beneath that crowning arch of iron. If we had not already called it a forest, and so laid ourselves open to the charge of using a mixed metaphor, we should describe this wonderful scaffolding as a great geometrical web of timber, spun from those enormous walls of solid brickwork which, rising from the river bed and extending thence by an arch right across Thames-street and the whole length of Bush-lane, will ultimately inclose the great Cannon-street station of the South-Eastern Railway, connected with the new bridge across the Thames from Southwark.

For more than a year the extension of the South-Eastern to Charing-cross has been completed, and when this new bridge and its connecting works shall be finished, passengers will be able to alight from the railway carriages into the very heart of the City, instead of struggling with difficulty across London Bridge; while trains at short intervals will run between Cannon-street and Charing-cross in about the time that is now consumed in reaching St. Paul's by omnibus along Chesapeake.

The new works, which are principally comprised by the bridge and the great station, are making rapid progress, and, though only five eighths of a mile in length, are of considerable importance.

The bridge is intended to carry five lines of way, and a footpath on each side; the width over all being about 80 ft., giving 65 ft. for the five lines of rail. The span next the Middlesex shore will spread out in the shape of a fan to 180 ft., so as to form an entrance to the station. There will be five spans, the two side spans being 125 ft. in the clear, and the three centre spans 135 ft. 8 in. each, giving a total length between the abutments of 705 ft.

The foundations of the piers are formed on the same principle as that adopted by Mr. Hawkshaw in the Charing-cross Bridge, and which has been since so generally used as to justify the opinion that it is the best means of obtaining subaqueous foundations in the Thames where the London clay is easily reached. Four cast-iron cylinders, 31 ft. between centres, are sunk in a row to an average depth of 60 ft. below high-water line, passing through the thin strata of mud and gravel some 25 ft. into the London clay. The diameter of the cylinders from the base to the ground line is 18 ft. A taper ring is then introduced, reducing the diameter to 12 ft., which is preserved to the top of the pier. The thickness of the metal varies from 1½ in. to 2 in., strengthened with ribs and flanges, and the plates are of such a size and weight as make them easy to handle; while, at the same time, the joints are as few in number as possible. By way of relieving the plain surface of the cylinders, vertical flutes are cast in the plates, which reach from the top to a point somewhat below high-water line. Concrete made with Portland cement is filled in up to the ground line, and the remainder is built in with brickwork and surmounted with granite blocks, on which two wrought-iron girders 3 ft. deep are placed, forming a level bed to carry the girders, and effectually binding the tops of the cylinders together and making them into one complete and solid pier of great stability. The process of sinking the cylinders is, perhaps, the most important in the work. A part of the cylinder to be sunk, of sufficient length to leave its top part dry when in place, is put together on the stage, and, by means of strong tackle, is lowered into the exact position it is intended to occupy, being guided down to the bed of the river by suitable guide-piles. Additional cylindrical rings of plates are then added to it from time to time as its top portion as it sinks into the ground. The excavation is then commenced in the inside; and, as there must necessarily be a considerable depth of water in the cylinder until an impermeable stratum is reached, the excavation must be effected either by suitable apparatus worked from the staging, or by forcing a supply of air into the cylinder for the use of those engaged in the work, whether in diving-dresses or in a compressed-air chamber. This latter process has, however, been entirely dispensed with by the use of a dredging scoop, which is drawn along the bottom of the cylinder, and thus fills a leather bag attached to it for the purpose of bringing the material to the surface. When, however, the cylinder has passed a short distance into the clay, all difficulty in this respect is at an end; for, the water being prevented from finding its way in

from the outside by the impermeable nature of the clay, the cylinder is pumped dry and the remaining excavation completed by navvies. Such extra weight is added as may be required to cause the cylinder to follow the excavation, and the proper depth is quickly obtained. In order to guard against any settlement when the bridge is finished, each cylinder, when worked up, is loaded with about 800 tons, which causes it to sink two or three inches further, after which it is carried up to the required height.

The abutment on the south side of the river rests on cast-iron square caissons, sunk side by side so as to form a continuous wall, stopping a little below low water, from which line brickwork is carried up; they pass through a rather thick strata of mud and loose gravel into the clay and are filled in with concrete, thus forming a very firm foundation without the intervention of any cofferdam or other temporary work.

The north abutment rests on a hard and compact bed of gravel, and was put in by tidal work.

The bridge, when finished, will be one of the largest and most massive on the Thames; and to Mr. Hawkshaw, who is engineer to this and the whole of the South-Eastern metropolitan extensions, the credit is due of having designed two of the best specimens of iron bridges, as far as regards strength and workman-like appearance, yet constructed.

It is not a little gratifying to know, also, that some attention will be paid to architectural symmetry, and that architectural beauty will at least be attempted as a supplement to successful engineering.

The outer girders will be covered with ornamental cast-iron work, and the outside railing of the footways will be of a handsome design. In the pier which is finished the columns are fluted at the top, as already mentioned, and finished with a bold cornice. The contract for the whole of this line has been taken by Mr. George Wyth, and the ironwork has been undertaken by Messrs. Cochrane and Co.; and, judging by the very superior work supplied by the same firm for the Westminster and Charing-cross Bridges, it may fairly be concluded that this work will be of the best description, and that in a short space of time the bridge will be ready for the use of the public.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

On Sunday the deputation from the Corps Législatif went to the Tuileries, and presented the Address to the Emperor. His Majesty, in a short speech, thanked the members, and commended them for their firmness in defending the fundamental laws, and concluded by expressing a desire that they should be content with introducing gradual improvements, without seeking incessantly to change everything. The Emperor also said that "the country sees administrative obstacles disappear, progress ensured, and security guaranteed. By the electoral movement and the voice of the tribune and the press, it feels that it is free. Thus, far from wishing to cut down the tree which has borne good fruit, the mass of the labouring classes, the classes who possess property, the men who remember, and those who hear and read, fear the abuse of liberty even more than the abuse of power."

Speculation is rife in the French capital as to the probability of France being drawn into a war with America on the question of the new Mexican Empire. Having gone so far, it is assumed that the French Emperor cannot recede with honour to himself or withdraw his troops from Mexico in the mean time, whatever attitude may be taken by the Government of the United States. A rumour is current, apropos to the same complicated subject, that a proposal has been submitted to our Cabinet for "joint action" in the event of Yankee proclivities pointing either north or south—to Canada or to Mexico. Any diplomatic remonstrances necessary to be forwarded are to be, so it is said, backed up by a second iron-clad squadron, which is shortly to be formed in the Channel.

SPAIN.

Some serious disturbances have occurred in Madrid in consequence of the Government dismissing a professor in the University for severely criticising their conduct in the columns of a journal of which he is editor. The students espoused the cause of their teacher, and made demonstrations, which were violently repressed. An assemblage in the street was suddenly dispersed by a volley of musketry. The troops fired right and left. M. Navas, who was going to the casino, was killed; another gentleman, who was wounded, died in a few minutes. Some other persons have been killed, and fifteen wounded, more or less seriously.

ITALY.

The committee of the Italian Senate upon the bill for the unification of the laws has rejected the proposal to abolish capital punishment, but has consented to amend the penal code by reducing the number of crimes to which the death penalty is to apply.

A telegram from Rome makes the announcement that the Pope has addressed a letter to the King of Italy, proposing terms as to the appointment of bishops in the vacant dioceses in the Italian and Pontifical provinces, and offering to enter into negotiations with his Majesty as to an arrangement relating to the bishoprics in Naples, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

It is stated that the Austrian North Sea squadron is ordered to prepare for sea, and then to take up its station in the harbour of Kiel. Austria, it is added, requires the reduction of the troops occupying the Duchies and the convocation of the Schleswig-Holstein estates. Are the loving allies about to quarrel?

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

According to a letter from Warsaw, a violent struggle is now going on in the high official regions between the Military party represented by Count de Berg and the Russian Radical section, which advocates the complete incorporation of Poland in Russia. Representatives of the two parties have gone to St. Petersburg to plead their respective causes. General Mouraviev has been removed from the government of the Lithuania provinces.

DENMARK.

A serious Ministerial crisis, which had prevailed for some days, has come to an end by all the Ministers remaining in office. The crisis was caused by some of the Ministers having had the intention of submitting to the Rigsdag the Ministerial scheme of a modification of the Constitution, which had previously been rejected by the Rigsdag.

CANADA.

Considerable excitement has been caused in Montreal in consequence of a threatened attempt to rescue the St. Albans raiders. Mr. Devlin, prosecuting attorney in the case of the Vermont raiders, announced in the Court at Montreal, on the 5th inst., that the Federal Government had withdrawn its charges against the prisoners and that action for their surrender would be discontinued. The Canadian Government had repaid, out of public funds, the money stolen from the St. Albans banks.

THE RUSSIAN EPIDEMIC.—Dr. Simon, the medical officer of the Privy Council, has reported on the alleged epidemic in Russia and North Germany. The disease in Russia, he says, is simply relapsing and typhus fever arising from poor and insufficient food and want of sanitary precautions. It is not new in this country, and need, therefore, cause no alarm. The disease in Northern Germany, he says, is new to this country, although for twenty-eight years it has prevailed extensively in successive small epidemics both in Europe and America throughout the entire breadth of the north temperate zone. It is a febrile nervous affection of a very painful and very dangerous kind, but Dr. Simon's inquiries lead him to the conclusion that it is not communicable from one individual to another. Dr. Simon sees no reason for placing ships arriving from the Baltic in quarantine, but he urges that great care should be exercised by the authorities at the ports to detect any cases of fever which may occur on board vessels from Russian or German ports.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

DEFEAT OF LEE AND OCCUPATION OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

Our intelligence from New York, which is to the 8th instant, is most important. Richmond and Petersburg were in the hands of the Federals; General Lee had been defeated, and was in retreat; President Davis had fled, and Mr. Lincoln was in Richmond, installed in the house of the Southern President. The following narrative of the operations which led to these results is from the letter of the correspondent of a daily contemporary:—

On Tuesday, March 28, operations commenced by the quiet and gradual withdrawal of General Ord's corps from the lines north of the James River and its passage of that river by the pontoons at Deep Bottom, and so across Jones Neck. He had then to march over the Bermuda Hundred peninsula, to cross the Appomattox on pontoon-bridges at Point of Rocks, and thence he had a march of five miles to the nearest works in front of Petersburg. As soon as Ord's troops were prepared to take the pontoon assigned them, the 2nd and 5th Corps were withdrawn from the lines in front of Petersburg, and were pushed out on Wednesday, the 29th, along the Vaughan and Halifax roads. Crossing Hatcher's Run, the 2nd and 5th Corps turned thence sharp to the north-west in the direction of the Boydton Plank-road by the Quaker military road south of Gravelly Run. During Wednesday there was a sharp skirmish at Quaker-road; but the main army continued its advance unopposed, Sheridan meanwhile pushing rapidly forward through Dinwiddie Courthouse by the Halifax-road. On Thursday, the 30th, the fighting hardly rose above the level of a spirited skirmish. By Friday, the 31st, however, the 2nd and 5th Corps found the enemy in their front in great strength, and at once Lee, taking advantage of his great familiarity with the country, called into play his peculiar tactics with nearly the usual success. In such a hilly, marshy, woody country as that west of Hatcher's Run the advance of a large force in a continuous line is simply impossible, and Lee found and took advantage of opportunities to strike the 2nd Corps upon its flank, driving it back from Dabney's House to the Boydton Plank-road. There it rallied upon the reserves, and finally more than recovered the lost ground, taking possession of the White Oak-road. On the same day Sheridan's cavalry had a severe engagement, and was driven back four or five miles; but infantry was sent to its assistance, and by its aid the ground lost was also recovered. On Saturday, April 1, the Federal lines were connected and advanced. Sheridan covered the extreme left, and by his brilliant operations virtually decided the fortunes of the day. Pushing steadily up the White Oak road, a desperate battle was joined at Five Forks. Here Sheridan had sole charge of operations, and the manner in which he handled his troops is represented as having been brilliant in the extreme. Dismounting his cavalry, he used the men to push gradually back into their works the Confederate force in his front, which, it is said, consisted of Longstreet's corps. Several hours of industrious manœuvring accomplished the desired result; and meanwhile the infantry, which was by far the largest part of his force, had been kept carefully concealed. As soon as it was ascertained that the swarm was "hived," the word was given for this part of the force to advance, and, swinging in by the flank, it took the rebel forces in the rear. Still they refused to give way. After a desperate struggle, finding themselves completely out-maneuvred and out-numbered, they gave way in considerable confusion; but their retreat was not prompt enough to save them all from capture, and Sheridan had the satisfaction of sending to General Grant's headquarters informed him of the disintegration of the Confederate left, and then he knew that the hour had come to strike the blow which had been so long suspended over the fortified position at Petersburg itself. At daylight on Sunday, the 2nd inst., the assault was made, and at nearly every point it was successful, and with comparatively light loss. Every man that could be spared had been withdrawn from the fortifications, which Lee supposed were strong enough to hold themselves; and, as a consequence, the forces to which the defence of the lines had been intrusted were overwhelmed at nearly every point and swept from the works like chaff. Fort after fort, and, in many instances, their entire garrison, with the guns, were captured. At nightfall Lee had hardly a single point in the entire line of works, and a retreat was therefore a necessity. The forts on the James River below Richmond were blown up, and with them the gun-boats.

The Federals then occupied the city, and Grant started his army in pursuit of Lee.

At about the same time General Weitzel, commanding the troops left by General Ord to hold the Federal works north of the James, discovered that Richmond had also been evacuated, which he at once occupied, capturing many cannon and a large quantity of railway rolling stock. He states that the citizens received him with enthusiastic expressions of joy. A fire, which was raging in Richmond when Weitzel took possession, commenced with the destruction of the Government offices, workshops, and storehouses, which was ordered by General Breckenridge, and was most destructive. Almost the entire business portion of the city was consumed, together with the Danville and Petersburg Railway dépôt, and Warwick's flour-mills, which are stated to have been the most extensive in America. The greater part of the tobacco stored in the city was also burnt. Non-official accounts state that the abandonment of the city commenced on the 26th. Mr. Davis was in church on Sunday, the 2nd, when he received a notification from General Lee that his flank had been turned, and that the positions at Richmond and Petersburg were no longer tenable. Mr. Davis at once quitted the city with his family, and, it is supposed, accompanies General Lee.

Mr. Lincoln arrived at Petersburg on the 3rd inst. and at Richmond on the 4th. He was strongly urged by men of all parties and creeds to offer a complete amnesty to the Southern people and rulers on condition of their immediate submission.

The *New York Herald* asserts that Lincoln has opened negotiations with Judge Campbell for a settlement with the South, and that Davis requested the latter to remain in Richmond for that purpose.

Twenty thousand inhabitants, one half negroes, were found in Richmond. The lady of General Lee, who is an invalid, remained in the city, and received every protection and kindness possible from the conquerors. No excesses whatever were perpetrated either by the soldiers or negroes.

THE PURSUIT.

Of Lee's course on the first days after the evacuation, which took place on the night of Sunday, the 2nd of April, nothing is yet distinctly known; but it was at least certain that his only route lay westward, and General Grant lost not an hour in directing the pursuit. It seems to have been conducted in three columns. One, consisting of the cavalry, with (perhaps) the 5th Army Corps, under command of Sheridan, was in advance, and struck the Danville Railway leading from Richmond to Burkeville Junction, near Amelia Courthouse, about forty miles from Richmond and twelve from Burkeville. General Meade followed on a line a little to the south, commanding the 2nd and 6th Corps. Grant himself accompanied the left wing, consisting of the 24th and part of the 25th Corps, under General Ord, on the direct Burkeville-road, parallel with the Southside Railway, and which passes through Nottaway Courthouse, about ten miles south-east of Burkeville. But it was not till Tuesday, the 4th, when these positions were reached, that any distinct information was obtained of the whereabouts of what remained of the routed army. On the evening of that day Sheridan sent word to Meade that, if he could get his column up in time, he might capture or disperse Lee's army, then resting at Amelia Courthouse. On Wednesday, the 5th, Sheridan was at Jeffersville, half way between Amelia Courthouse and Burkeville, thus cutting Lee off from the junction, and preventing his adopting the route to Danville; and the Federal General, pushing a brigade still further to the left, captured five guns, 200 waggons, and a number of prisoners. The 2nd Corps joined him in the forenoon, and the 6th in the afternoon, and Grant himself, leaving Ord's division, which proceeded to, and captured Burkeville the same night, moved across the country, at the earnest request of his cavalry lieutenant, to be present with the advance. On Thursday, the 6th, Meade received intelligence that Lee was pointing in the direction of Farmville, a point on the Lynchburg Railway about eight miles west of Burkeville. The Federal troops were at this time proceeding in a north-westerly direction from Burkeville, but their route was at once changed to the north-west; the 6th Corps, which had been on the right, meantime moving along the rear to the left, to form the extreme left of the line, the 2nd forming the centre, and the 5th the right. The cavalry were on the continuation of the left flank. The 2nd Corps soon became engaged with the enemy, and drove him across Sailor's Creek, a stream which falls into the Appomattox River about eight miles north of Burkeville. The 6th Corps, with Sheridan's cavalry, came up about four p.m., and instantly charged. The result was decisive, and six Confederate Generals were captured—Ewell, Kershaw, Button, Corse, Debarre, and Custis Lee—and several thousand

prisoners, fourteen guns, and many caissons fell into the hands of the victors. For two miles the road was strewn with tents, baggage, cooking-utensils, and ammunition. Several times the enemy appears to have rallied, and to have attempted a stand behind intrenchments or natural obstacles; but he was successively driven from them. At this point the narrative for the present stops.

GENERAL NEWS.

Great rejoicings took place in New York, Washington, and other places on the receipt of the news of the occupation of Richmond. Public meetings, speeches, hoisting of flags, and illuminations were general. Mr. Seward made a speech at Washington, stating that, if the people approved of it, the policy of the United States after the war would be non-interference in the domestic affairs of other countries. If England would only be just to the United States, Canada would remain undisturbed. There was a general feeling that conciliatory measures should be adopted towards the South; and, among others, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had made a speech deprecating harsh measures.

Mr. Seward had been successively thrown from his carriage, had his arm broken and his jaw fractured. He was progressing favourably.

The Confederate forts Spanish and Blakeley, on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, were attacked by General Canby's forces from Pensacola, from the land side, and by seven monitors and gun-boats from the water approach, on the 18th ult. The battle continued throughout the day and to the latest advices, on the 19th ult., during which the monitor Milwaukee was sunk, and from 300 to 400 of Canby's troops killed or wounded. The Confederates report their loss slight. On the afternoon of the 19th ult. the Federal gun-boats opened fire on the western defences of the bay, but were driven off.

Sherman's army was about to move on Saturday, the 1st inst. The left would probably advance in the direction of Raleigh, and the centre and right towards Virginia by the Weldon Railroad.

A large cavalry and infantry force, under Hancock, had moved up the Shenandoah Valley towards Lynchburg. Thomas and Stoneman were also advancing upon the same point from Knoxville, Tennessee, and it was believed that General Lee would be hemmed in on all sides.

An unsuccessful incendiary attempt had been made to burn Newbern.

TAXATION AND DEBTS OF NATIONS.—A statistical volume just issued from the Foreign Office, compiled from official returns, gives the following account of the revenue and public debt of various countries, stating the revenue as estimated in the Budgets, and the expenditure also; but it will not be necessary to mention this last, except where it differs materially from the revenue:—United Kingdom (1863), revenue, £28.2d. per head of population; debt, £28.2d. per head of population. France (1864), revenue, £2.0s. 4d. per head; debt (1863), £1.0s. 4d. Russian Empire (1862), revenue, 12s. 7d.; expenditure, 13s. 3d.; debt, £2.11s. 1d. Austria (1862), revenue, 16s. 8d.; expenditure, £1.0s. 8d.; debt, £6.12s. 4d. Prussia (1863), revenue, £1.2s. 4d.; debt, £2.3s. 9d. Italy (1863), revenue, £1.4s. 9d.; expenditure, £2.0s. 5d.; debt, £5.13s. 3d. Belgium (1863), revenue, £1.6s. 1d.; debt, £5.7s. 3d. Holland (1863), revenue, £2.5s. 6d.; debt, £23.11s. 2d. Sweden (1860), revenue, 9s. 7d.; expenditure, 11s. 5d.; debt, 14s. 4d. Norway (1863-6), revenue, 13s. 4d.; debt, £1.1s. 6d. Denmark and the Duchies (1862), revenue, £1.3s. 11d.; debt, £4.1s. 3d. Empire of Turkey (1864), revenue, 7s. 9d.; debt (1862), £1.3s. 1d. Spain and Balearic Islands (1862), revenue, £1.6s. 4d.; debt (1861), £9.8s. 5d. Portugal (1863-4), revenue, 17s. 1d.; expenditure, 18s. 10d.; debt (1862), £8.7s. 1d. Greece (1861), revenue, 16s. 3d.; debt (1860), £3.12s. Passing to the New World, we have the United States, in the financial year 1860-1, with a revenue of 11s. per head, an expenditure of 11s. 3d., and a debt of 12s.; and in the year 1863-4 a revenue of £4.18s. 8d. per head, an expenditure of £7.3s. 7d., and a debt of £11.0s. 3d. Brazil (1863), revenue, 15s. 8d.; debt (1861), £2.19s. 8d. Chili (1860), revenue, £17s. 10d.; debt (1861), £1.16s. 4d. Peru (1861), revenue, £1.13s. 11d.; debt (1863), £2.14s. 10d.

MR. BARON CHANNELL AND CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—One evening during the recent Assizes an elderly gentleman passed the toll-house on the Clifton side of the Suspension Bridge and put down his penny. The bridgekeeper, seeing that he was a stranger, inquired if he wished for a return-ticket. The gentleman, however, took no notice of the question, but walked on solemnly and slowly. On coming back he was passing through, when the tollkeeper accosted him with "Pay here, Sir, please." "Pay here! what for? I paid before!" was the gruff reply. "But you'll have to pay again, Sir," mildly but firmly replied the keeper. "I call that imposition—gross imposition!" replied the gentleman; and, getting warmer at what he apparently thought was an attempt at extortion on the part of the man, he added, "Take care; I'm a magistrate!" "I can't help that, Sir," was the answer. "My instructions are that people pay going and returning. You can see the Act of Parliament if you like to look in here," pointing to the tollhouse. "Well, I will see the Act," replied the gentleman, following the man in. He read the Act, pondered over it for a while, then pulled out his penny and paid it, walking off, and muttering, as he did, "Non-sensit, by George!" "I see the Judge has just passed over the bridge," observed a gentleman who came up at the moment. "Who, Sir? What?" gasped the tollkeeper, quite frightened to think that he had been bandying law with so high an authority; "surely that was not a Judge!" "Yes; no less a person than Baron Channell," was the reply; and so it turned out to be, as the keeper saw him proceeding to court next morning. Thus the bridge proprietors may be said to have obtained an extra-judicial decision in favour of their to-and-fro charge.

TEA IN A NUTSHELL.—Dr. Attfield, Director of the Laboratories of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, has published a very interesting account of the result of an examination which he has made of the Kola-nuts of Western Central Africa. A few ounces of dry hard fragments of these nuts were placed in his hands by Dr. Daniell, who stated that in the fresh state they were largely used as an article of food and medicine by the natives of Western Central Africa; that he had once partaken of the fresh nut, the effect being that he was kept awake for many hours; that he therefore inferred that they must contain a principle similar to that which exists in tea, coffee, &c.—namely, theine; and that he had, in fact, by a rough chemical process, succeeded in obtaining crystals resembling theine in appearance. As a medicine, the fresh nut, Dr. Daniell said, was esteemed of great value in diarrhoea and affections of the liver; and that, indeed, for all purposes it was in the fresh state that the nut was generally employed, portions being chewed, the juice swallowed, and the solid part ejected from the mouth. If the nuts were allowed to become dry, they were considered to have depreciated in value, and were then only chewed by the lower classes of the natives. Dr. Attfield has determined the presence of theine in dried Kola-nut in the proportion of about 2 per cent. Coffee contains from 0.5 to 2.0, and tea from 0.5 to 3.5 parts in 100; so that the Kola-nut really has a considerable food value. The discovery of theine in the food materials of an African race of people is very interesting. It is well known that coffee, tea, cocoa, maté, Paraguay tea, and guarana, which constitute the beverage of the European, American, and Asiatic peoples, have been selected by an unerring instinct, which has divided in each plant the remarkable alkaloid—theine. Different in botanical characters, varied in genera, not very unlike in flavour, they have been instinctively chosen as containing this valuable acting principle. The investigation of the food value of Kola-nut is thus one of particular interest, and which will, we hope, be carried further.—*Lancet*.

CONFLICT AT FAENZA.—The correspondent of the *Unita Italiana*, writing from Faenza, on the 10th inst., gives the following account of a conflict which has taken place in that city between the people and the military force:—"Yesterday, the 9th inst., about 400 young men, chiefly workmen, met together in a village about two miles distant from the town, and, to render their party more jovial, brought with them a band, consisting of about twenty musicians. The day was passed in friendly festivity; many speeches were made, according as chance introduced the different topics; and they drank the healths of Mazzini and Garibaldi, in whom the party had most confidence. Towards evening the young men proceeded to return to the town, with the national flag and the band of music at their head. On the road they met with two patrols of soldiers of the Line, commanded by carabinieri, who let them pass on without molestation. When they had nearly reached the Porta Montanara they suddenly came upon a troop of about thirty armed men, including carabinieri, regular soldiers, and civil guards, stationed right before them. The band was then playing the hymn of Garibaldi, when, without an instant's warning, the carabinieri made an attack upon the young men who carried the flag. Others rushed upon the musicians, summoning them to disperse, and fired their revolvers several times, wounding numbers more or less gravely. Then ensued the most indescribable confusion; some fled, and others took refuge in the neighbouring houses; but the carabinieri did not cease firing. Two of the people fell seriously wounded, and the public force made a number of arrests; but, as the civil guards did not seem to consider the prisoners sufficiently numerous, they went about arresting and attacking every one that happened to pass that way, violating the privacy of every house where they thought any one might be sheltered. I cannot just now give the exact number of the wounded, but I can confidently state that they are many. Two carabinieri also are wounded, one with a stone, the other with a pointed weapon. More than fifty persons are arrested. The town is in the greatest sorrow." A correspondent of the *Gazzetta della Romagna* says:—"The number of wounded is far greater than was at first supposed. Some of the citizens, slightly hurt, are being tended in their own homes, so that the precise number cannot be arrived at."

DREADFUL CALAMITY AT SEA.—FIVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

The New York papers report the destruction by fire of the Federal transport General Lyon, with a loss of over 500 lives. The *New York Times* gives the following account of the disaster:—

On Wednesday, the 29th of March, the General Lyon, a screw-steamer, which had formerly been used as a blockade-runner, sailed from Wilmington for Fortress Monroe, with nearly 600 persons on board, including the crew. Her passengers consisted of discharged and paroled soldiers, escaped prisoners, and refugees, among whom were about thirty women and twenty-five small children. Two negroes were also among the refugees. The weather was fair on leaving Wilmington, but the steamer put into the port of Smithfield for the night, and resumed her voyage on the following morning. Soon after leaving Smithfield the wind, which was blowing from the south-west, increased in violence, and the vessel made but little progress. At ten o'clock on Friday morning, when off Cape Hatteras, an alarm of fire was given, and in a few minutes afterwards the flames broke out at the rear of the pilot-house and nearly in the centre of the vessel. Several of the crew were in the rigging and there were very few persons on deck at the time, many of the passengers being confined to their berths by sickness. The first mate, James Gibbs, and the other officers of the vessel immediately got the fire-pumps to work. But the flames steadily gained headway, and, although the pumps were worked with unflinching perseverance, the fire soon spread over the centre portion of the deck, driving the crew and those who were assisting them to the stern and bow of the vessel. The hatches had been closed in consequence of the decks being so constantly under water; but those below, alarmed by the smoke which was spreading through the cabins, rushed on deck only to be driven back by the flames. The frightful shrieks of the women and children and their piteous supplications for help were drowned by the roaring of the storm. Several of the paroled soldiers were sick and confined to their berths. Some of them managed to crawl on deck, and clung there until washed overboard by the waves. In about half an hour after the fire broke out the engines partially stopped, and the vessel immediately swung round with her broadside to the wind, the flames then spreading across the deck. It had now become quite evident that the ship could not be saved. The first officer acted with great courage, and only abandoned the vessel when all hopes of saving her were gone. The fire-pumps were still kept at work, and the flames were fought back with great determination. Many of those below were doubtless already suffocated. The shrieks and moans of the dying came up to those on deck, but they could do nothing to help them. Just at this time the United States transport General Sedgwick, Captain Starkey, and a small schooner were in sight; but neither of them could tender any assistance, owing to the violence of the storm and the fact that the burning steamer had drifted in towards the breakers. The flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. The boats were launched, although there appeared little hope of their living in such a sea. In the first boat ten men lowered themselves, including the captain of the General Lyon. It is affirmed by several of those who escaped that the captain had lost all control of himself, and was evidently crazed with fear. Hardly had this boat been launched from the vessel's side than she drifted under her stern, was struck by the screw, and almost instantly went down. Irish Lewis, a private in the 89th New York Regiment, who was in the boat at the time, states that he saw the captain sink. Lewis and two others alone escaped. A second boat was launched, and in this twenty-seven persons lowered themselves and succeeded in reaching the General Sedgwick, which was about a mile and a half distant. As the boat touched the steamer's side a wave dashed her violently against it, and she filled and went down. Of the twenty-seven persons in the boat seven only were saved. Among these were the mate, James Gibbs; Barney Loney, of the 5th Virginia Regiment; and John Fitzgerald, of the 56th Illinois. In the mean time, a number of the men had thrown themselves overboard, trusting to a spar for support. One man, Issiah C. Colby, of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, after working at the fire-pumps till he was almost exhausted, seized one of the doors of the galley and sprang overboard. He was in the water three hours before he was picked up. Others were also in the water for several hours, and many doubtless sank before assistance could be rendered. It is supposed that the schooner did not succeed in rescuing any of them. When the General Sedgwick left, being unable to render further assistance, the ill-fated steamer was drifting in towards the frightful breakers off Cape Hatteras. She was then burned down to the water's edge, and every soul on board had doubtless perished.

The number known to have been saved is twenty-nine, of whom twenty were soldiers and nine the crew of the ship. Of the 204 of the 56th Illinois Regiment on board all but four perished, including all the officers. Not one of the women appears to have been saved.

SEWAGE OF TOWNS.

The Commission on Sewage have just issued a third report on the subject which they were appointed to investigate, in which they say:—

Since the date of our last report (August, 1861) we have, through a committee of our number, consisting of Mr. Lawes and Professor Way, continued at Rugby the experiments which were undertaken in 1861 on the application of sewage to land. The report of that committee, which we append, contains the results for the three years 1862-4.

Your Lordships will observe that these experiments have not been confined to the application of sewage in different quantities to land, but have extended to the consumption by cattle of the produce so obtained, and to the production of meat and milk, and have been accompanied by a careful record of the quantities and market value of the products, and by numerous analyses of the sewage before and after irrigation, as also of the grass and of the milk.

It appears to us that these experiments have solved many of the difficulties which have hitherto attached to the question of the agricultural application of sewage, and that they leave no reasonable doubt of the practicability and advantage of so employing the sewage of towns.

We have also continued to give our best attention to all kindred experiments and inquiries which have been going on elsewhere.

As the results of our labours, extending over eight years, we have confidence in submitting to your Lordships the following conclusions:—

1. The right way to dispose of town sewage is to apply it continuously to land, and it is only by such application that the pollution of rivers can be avoided.

2. The financial results of a continuous application of sewage to land differ under different local circumstances—first, because in some places irrigation can be effected by gravity, while in other places more or less pumping must be employed; secondly, because heavy soils (which in given localities may alone be available for the purpose) are less fit than light soils for continuous irrigation by sewage.

3. Where local circumstances are favourable and undue expenditure is avoided, towns may derive profit, more or less considerable, from applying their sewage in agriculture. Under opposite circumstances, there may not be a balance of profit; but, even in such cases, a rate in aid, required to cover any loss, need not be of large amount.

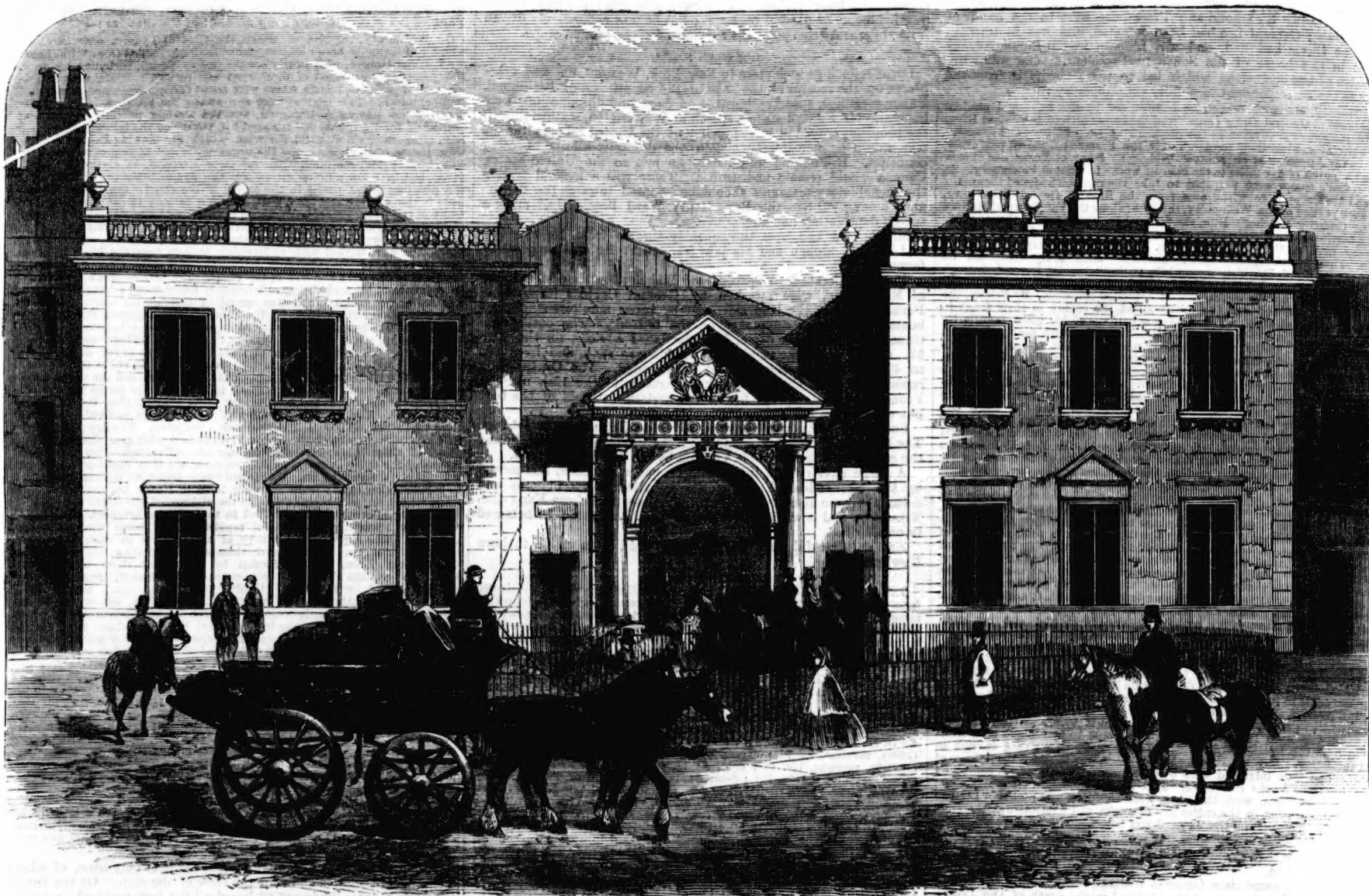
Finally, on the basis of the above conclusions, we further beg leave to express to your Lordships that, in our judgment, the following two principles are established for legislative application:—First, that wherever rivers are polluted by a discharge of town sewage into them the towns may reasonably be required to desist from causing that public nuisance. Second, that where town populations are injured or endangered in health by a retention of cesspool matter among them the towns may reasonably be required to provide a system of sewers for its removal.

And, should the law as it stands be found insufficient to enable towns to take land for sewage application, it would, in our opinion, be expedient that the Legislature should give them powers for that purpose.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND CONFEDERATION.—The entire vote polled in New Brunswick at the late general election was about 31,250. Of these nearly 16,000 were against confederation, and nearly 15,300 for it. The majority against it among the electors of the whole province is thus only about 700, although the numbers in the House will be—pro 13, contra 28, or a majority of more than two to one against. Such are the accidents of party warfare and elections.

THE PRESS LAW IN RUSSIA.—A new press law has been adopted by the Council of the Empire, and will probably be shortly sanctioned by the Emperor, prior to promulgation. The chief clauses are as follow:—The censorship is abolished upon all books containing more than ten sheets of printed matter; also upon all newspapers, magazines, and periodical publications the editors of which are willing to submit to the system of warnings. A journal will be suppressed after three warnings. The first two will be given by the Administration, but the third must be sanctioned by the Senate. The Government reserves to itself, in addition, the right of prosecuting the delinquents before the ordinary tribunals, and they will in that case have to submit to the verdict of a jury.

JILTED.—At the Manchester Cathedral, on Monday, a large number of marriages took place. To witness the arrival of the "happy pairs" there was a considerable concourse. Some excitement was occasioned by the rumour that an unfaithful youth had jilted a young lady, and that up to the last he had led her to believe that he intended making her his bride, while he was paying his attentions elsewhere, and that the deceived lady intended making a demonstration. Early in the morning nine couples came out of the building, and the crowd, led by the deceived fair one, greeted them with marks of a not very palatable character. The crowd, however, made some mistake as to the couple, and the faithless swain and his bride managed to elude the vigilance of the furious damsel. However, late in the afternoon she discovered the couple at Knott Mill Fair, and then she commenced a furious onslaught, knocking off the man's hat, tearing his clothes, and pulling his hair, while the trembling bride was also seriously mauled, her wedding clothes being literally torn to rags.



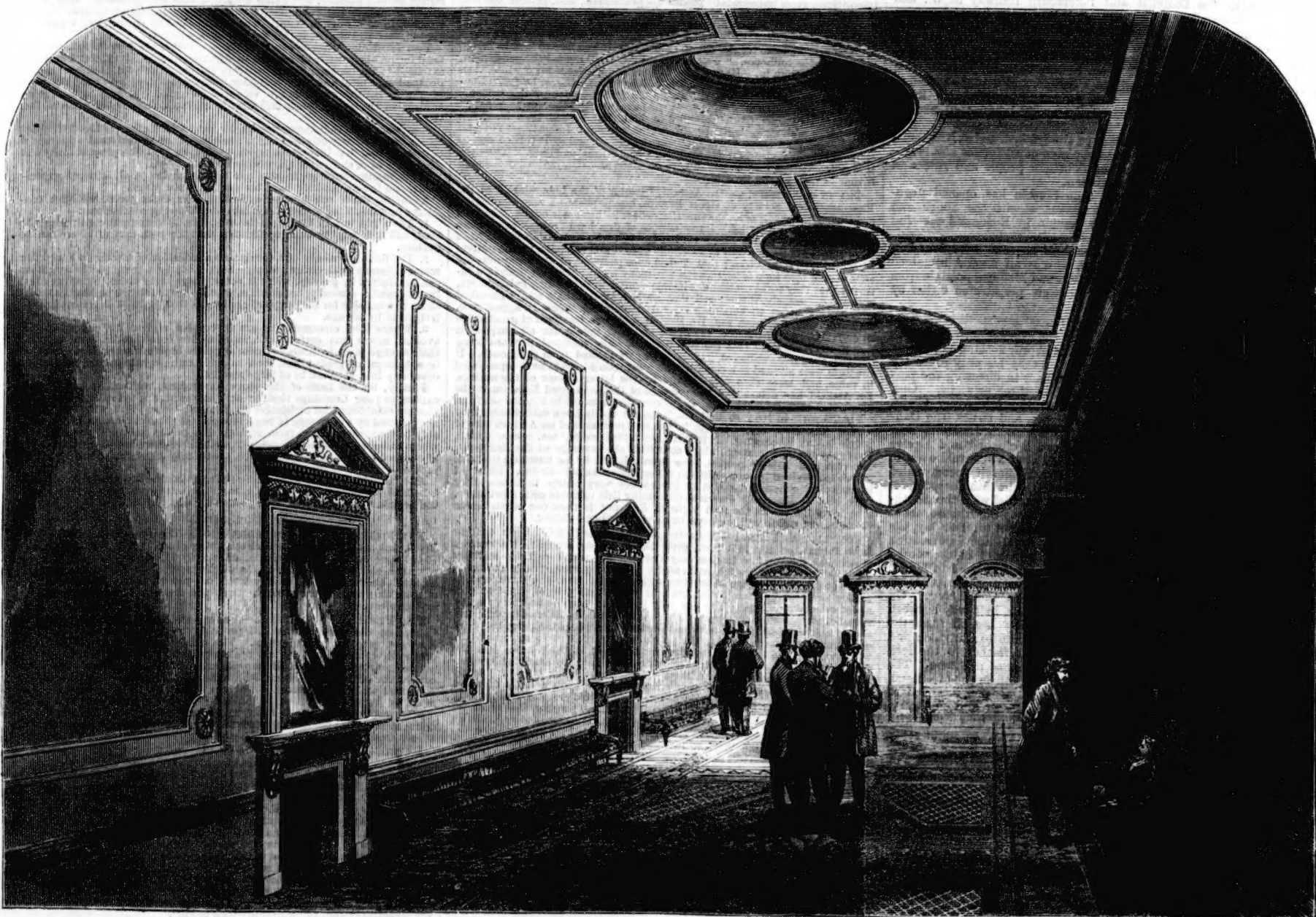
THE NEW TATTERSALLS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THE NEW TATTERSALLS.—THE SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM.

We have already given some particulars of the emporium where the horse-sales are conducted at the new Tattersalls; and our illustrations this week represent the entrance to the building and the

interior of the subscription-room. About the external façade itself there is very little architectural pretension, and even in the immediate buildings within there is not much to attract attention, the house on the right being a modest, plain-looking residence, the ground floor of which contains the public office (from which cata-

logues are given from a sliding window) and the partners' private room; the upper part is devoted to the apartments for the accommodation of the Jockey Club; and the adjoining house will be the private residence of Mr. Carter, the manager of the establishment. The entrance to the subscription-room is close by, not far from the



INTERIOR OF TATTERSALLS' NEW SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM.

gate; and the subscription-room itself is one of the handsomest hall in the metropolis, and sufficiently convenient even to compensate for the old "lawn"—that plot of grass where the betting-men at the old "Tattersalls" were wont to congregate under the shade of a tent.

The splendid new chamber, which is very lofty and finely proportioned, is ornamented in panelling of green and gold, while the encaustic pavement would become a Genoese palace, so rich and harmonious are its colours. The cool marble mantelpieces, and the green morocco lounges which are placed round the walls, are in admirable keeping with these decorations, while the arrangement of the windows in the roof affords ample means for complete ventilation.

The apartment itself may be said to be unfurnished, with the exception of two large mahogany tables and the well-known Louis Quinze clock so familiar to all the habitués as a relic of the Highflyer period. The new building at Knightsbridge has been erected by Messrs. Holland, under the direction of Mr. Freeman, the whole work having been planned and completed under the supervision of the Messrs. Tattersall themselves.

Although the Hyde Park-corner lease will not expire until Michaelmas, it was judiciously determined to open the new premises at the very commencement of the season, leaving the Messrs. Tattersall time to procure houses for themselves, as none are provided for them at Knightsbridge, and giving the old subscription-room up to Mr. Joy, who, during the summer, will exhibit there his two pictures of "The Lawn" and "The Yard," so that, although the old sporting resort at Hyde Park-corner may be said to be broken and shattered, the scent of the roses will cling to it still, and some of the old frequenters of the room may yet pay it a visit to sigh over past times and endeavour to persuade themselves that the new 'Tattersalls' is no improvement. Apart from this real improvement, however, there is little or no change in the conduct of the business since its first establishment. We have still the Richard and Edmund Tattersall, the only names ever heard as belonging to those who periodically dropped the hammer over a lot at The Corner. There is still the same dealing for horses on one side and the laying of wagers on the other; the same motley assemblage of sporting characters who have made the place belonging to the firm their head-quarters for the last century; and, it is grateful to add, the same unabated confidence in those under whose auspices the High Change of horseflesh is administered.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

WITHIN the last few days great progress has been made in pushing the internal fitting of the exhibition building to completion. The great hall and large concert-room, which in the main structure were the most backward, are in a forward state, and in the course of a few days they will receive the finishing touch. The machinery department is also very far advanced, and, we have no doubt, will be ready in time to receive its varied contents. Men are busily employed in every portion of the building erecting the stalls, while here and there handsome cases are beginning to appear. Numberless packages of goods from Holland, Belgium, and other parts of Europe—some of them of huge dimensions—are arriving every day. The contributions from France, Spain, and Italy will form a most brilliant feature of the exhibition. Spain will send fifty of the choicest pictures in the National Gallery, and the Queen has taken so much interest in the work that she has appointed a commission, consisting of twelve nobles, to visit and report on the exhibition. The hanging committee have begun their labours, which will be anything but light. It is expected that there will be a magnificent collection of pictures, and that every school will be amply represented. A splendid display of photographs will also be an attractive feature in the art-section. A number of large Armstrong guns, one of them weighing seven tons, have arrived from England, and on Saturday a party of the artillery were engaged in getting them into the carriage court, where they are to be placed. In this department the contributions will be very numerous, and will comprise guns from the smallest up to the largest calibre. The specimens of such manufactures as Ireland possesses will, it is expected, be most creditable. Her natural productions will be largely represented, the mining companies being the principal exhibitors in this section. The programme for the opening ceremonial has been submitted to the executive committee and sent forward to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for approval. The music promises to be highly effective. The following regulations relative to juries have been made:—Medals and certificates of merit will be awarded in all sections, except in the department of the fine arts. It has been resolved, however, to grant medals and certificates in the sub-

section of photography. There will be six juries, one for each class. Associate jurors may be appointed when required. Care will be taken to have each section represented on the class jury by at least two jurors qualified to judge of the products of each section or sub-section. These will form sub-juries, who will inspect and judge the products submitted to them, and report to the jury of the class for confirmation of their awards. The jurors will be appointed by the executive committee. Foreign committees, agents, and commissioners will be invited to submit the names of such of their countrymen as they may recommend, and whom, if willing to act, the executive committee will appoint as jurors. The juries will be at liberty to take the evidence of experts when they consider it advisable. If exhibitors accept the office of jurors or experts, they cease to be capable of competing for medals in any class the decisions of which they can in any way influence by their votes or opinions given; and medals cannot be awarded either to them individually or to the firms in which they may be partners. The chairmen of the six class juries will constitute a council, to whom all matters in difference shall be referred, and who will make such further rules as may be

as part of the accoutrements of soldiers in the army of the daimios, or shelter the bald pates of religious devotees at the great tree-embowered temples where idols with unpronounceable names grin grimly in their shrines.

It is by such fans as these that, in "maiden meditation fancy free," the two beauties in our Illustration are shaping out their legend; but who can tell, supposing them to be well read and accomplished young ladies who have taken in all the numbers of all the works intended for popular instruction, where they may not find themselves? The history of fans is the history of half the world's great epochs, with all their loves, hopes, fears, and intrigues; from the time when Pharaoh's daughter went down to bathe, and found the infant who was to be such a great demagogue as to make the Royal race tremble on their throne, to the very latest whispers of the most select camarilla at Madrid.

Whatever may be the legend, whether it be such dreams as those which the great subject we have indicated would evoke, or only the guessed interpretation of those curious fly-leg Japanese characters which accompany the native representations of

obese men, almond-eyed women, or double-humped cows, the fair faces of the two friends are themselves sufficiently suggestive to gather up the clew of wondering fancies and concentrate the admiration of the most erratic rhapsodist who ever had his knuckles rapped with that instrument which is such a dangerous weapon in such dainty hands.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON Downs have once more been chosen as the mustering-place of the volunteers, and the Easter review, the most important of the whole year, has again been attended with complete success. The volunteers under arms exceeded 20,000, and therefore surpassed in number the attendance on any previous occasion. The interest shown by the spectators was not less vivid. The weather was fine and bright, without sultriness, and the evolutions, upon a grander scale than any previously attempted, were faithfully carried into execution. The result is one upon which the nation as well as the volunteers may fairly indulge feelings of gratification; for, on all hands, it was admitted that the Easter review of 1865 must be accepted as an important test of the vitality of the volunteer movement, and that test was most triumphantly passed on Monday last.

ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS AT BRIGHTON.

Monday morning broke gloriously. At six o'clock a brilliant sun was dispelling the remaining traces of the previous night's rain, and by that hour all Brighton was up and stirring. The streets leading to the railway station were crowded with people making their way to that point in order to witness the arrival of the volunteers who were to come down from London by the early trains and give them a hearty welcome on their entry into the town. At half-past six there were 400 or 500 of the townspeople outside the gates of the station, and a much larger number had taken up positions on the heights which command a view of the new carriage-shed sidings on the Montpelier-road, where the trains with the volunteers were to discharge their passengers. The arrangements for bringing the troops up to these sidings, and permitting them to form and march out on the Montpelier-road, through the extensive carriage-shed, were admirably devised and carried out. Though no fewer than 13,800 men and officers were conveyed to

Brighton from London and its neighbourhood within about four hours, counting from the departure of the first train till the arrival of the last, there was not the least confusion, not to say accident, in connection with the performance of this extraordinary railway service.

The scene at the sidings as the trains carrying the various regiments arrived in rapid succession was an extremely interesting one. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville, one of the Assistant Inspectors of Volunteers, received each regiment as it arrived, and at once communicated to the commanding officer the route which the corps was to take. The troops then rapidly descended from the carriages, and, headed by their bands, drew up in marching order between the train and the carriage-shed, which is about 300 yards from the station. Thus, amid the screaming of engines and the incoming and outgoing of the trains carrying the ordinary traffic of the company, thousands of volunteers were formed on the line and passed out through the Montpelier-gate in as good order as if they were just emerging from head-quarters.

By nine o'clock most of the corps had piled arms in the inclosure, where they were to rest until eleven, when a signal-gun was to give them notice that the time had come for renewing the march to the review-ground. While the infantry were halting the artillery com-



"THE LEGEND OF THE FAN."—(FROM THE PICTURE, BY POYNTER, IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY.)

necessary for the guidance of the juries in the performance of their duties.

The quay and railway stations have for some time been the scene of great activity, large quantities of packages containing articles for exhibition arriving at them daily. Our Engraving represents the quay at the North Wall on one of those busy days.

"THE LEGEND OF THE FAN."

It would open a wide field for imagination to speculate on the details of the story which the fan is telling to those two idle beauties whose dreamy faces Mr. Poynter has so well portrayed. About all fans there is a suggestion of some legendary interest, whether they be those exquisite combinations of Ceylon ivory and the wings of tropical birds—the wonderful old painted and enamelled parchments glued to ebony sticks which our great-grandmothers loved—the great black screens, spangled with silver stars that wave and sigh before the flashing eyes of Spanish beauties in the Almeida on sultry evenings—or the cane-woven discs mounted by dusky Japanese fingers, and made on the same pattern as those that wave in the tea-houses of Yokohama or Jeddo, do duty with the two swords

mened to bring the battery-guns and field-pieces up to the space where they were to be parked, at the rear of the Grand Stand on the review-ground, and the appearance of this branch of the volunteer force deservedly elicited the warmest admiration of the townspeople, as it subsequently did that of the immense multitude which viewed its performance in the marching past and the sham fight. Without artillery no volunteer force of the present day could pretend to efficiency; but it was much doubted in the infancy of the movement whether a sufficient number of volunteers would be found to devote to drill the time requisite to enable them to acquire skill in the management of ordnance. It was therefore a gratifying sight, on Monday, to find no less than forty-six guns on the field, every one of which was brought up and worked by volunteers, without any assistance whatever from the regular artillery.

THE MARCH TO THE DOWNS.

At twenty minutes past eleven the signal gun was fired, and in an instant after Major-General Sir R. W. Walpole, K.C.B., the General-Commanding, surrounded by his Staff, left his quarters, and rode along the line of march to the review-ground. The General-Commanding had scarcely passed up to the racecourse when the volunteers set out, the corps of the Hon. Artillery Company, commanded by Captain W. C. Jay, being in the van. It is about half a mile along the beach from the corner of the Old Steine to the turning up Bedford-street; and from this turning up to the portion of the Downs on which the review was held is about a mile and a half up a rather steep ascent. The view, both front and rear, is exceedingly fine. Triumphal arches spanned Bedford-street; smiling faces beamed on the volunteers from every window; and once the open road was reached the regiments passed through double lines of spectators, who were exuberantly demonstrative in the manifestation of their satisfaction. The flagstaff at which General Walpole saw the marching past was placed directly opposite the stand-house on the Brighton racecourse; but a dense crowd extended for a distance of fully a mile on each side, commencing about a quarter of a mile to the left of the General's position and terminating at the windmill, near the scene of the sham fight. For a considerable portion of the same distance the carriages were two and three deep, and every inch of room was occupied on the stand. It was estimated that there were more than 150,000 people present, not counting the troops; and perhaps no such crowd had ever been seen on a racecourse before, except at the Derby. The concourse was in itself a sight worth seeing.

THE MARCHING PAST.

When the General-Commanding had taken up his position, he was joined by the Earl of Chichester, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sussex. Opposite the flagstaff, and in the inclosure which does duty as a "ring" when races are being run at Brighton, the bands which were to play for the marching past were very conveniently accommodated. One band was sent there from each brigade; the remaining bands marching at the head of their own battalions, without playing. When the order was given for the marching past to begin, the movement was commenced by about 300 of the 6th Dragoon Guards, commanded by Colonel Charles Sawyer. The regular cavalry were followed by a detachment of the Hon. Artillery Company and by the other batteries, amounting in all to forty-six pieces, manned entirely by volunteers.

All the guns of the artillery corps were horsed in a manner that would credit to the artillery of any regular forces in Europe. The horses which drew the light guns were ridden by members of the corps; but the heavy 18 and 24 pounders were drawn by farm-horses, led by men in smock-frocks. As agricultural horses, the noble brutes which were thus put at the service of the volunteers by the farmers of the counties to which the regiments belonged could scarcely be matched out of England. All were large, but some were of immense size. Their tails were plaited and tied with ribbons of the colour adopted by the corps, and the rustic drivers sported similar ribbons on their left arms.

Next followed the two divisions of infantry, commanded respectively by Major-General D. Russell and Major-General R. Runley.

The marked improvement in the marching of most of the corps was a subject of general remark. Without an exception, all the uniforms were in excellent condition, and all the regiments presented a smart and military appearance. Such has been the effect of continued training that at no former great gathering of our volunteers did the men of the force generally look so soldier-like and so much at their ease in the field. The Inns of Court men, as usual, were warmly greeted by the spectators; and the assemblage at Brighton could not be accused of national prejudice, for it was also very flattering in its attention to the London Irish and the London Scottish. The men of the former corps, who were mourning for Major Verner, marched past to the air of "Garryowen," which a few weeks ago was denounced in the House of Commons as a party tune. It is to be hoped that it was purged of its disloyalty on Monday. The London Scottish marched to the air of "Highland Laddie." Most of the country corps likewise came in for rounds of cheering on account of their admirable bearing. The marching past was a complete success, satisfying alike the critical judgment of the military authorities and the national pride of the enormous masses who assembled at Brighton to witness the annual festival of the largest section of our volunteers.

THE SHAM BATTLE.

The last of the corps had no sooner marched past the saluting base than Sir Robert Walpole and his Staff rode off in the direction where the manoeuvres were to take place; and the vast assemblage of spectators, swarming under or over the barriers which had hitherto restrained them from trespassing on the racecourse, set themselves in motion towards the same point of attraction. At a distance of half to three quarters of a mile from the Grand Stand the racecourse was quitted, and the windmill reached. Near this point several refreshment booths had been erected. These at once became the centres of such an amount of custom as to drive their owners nearly frantic with joy and excitement. Some tall stands commanding favourable views of the subsequent proceedings were also constructed near this point.

Just beyond the windmill the nearest of the battalions composing the rival forces were drawn up, their array being by this time almost completed. The view gained from this point was exceedingly grand. The Downs maintain their general rolling wavelike character, here as elsewhere, but the area within which the conflict took place was as nearly as possible circular, rising at the side furthest from the windmill to a considerable eminence and sinking in the centre, so as to form a valley or gorge called the Beverdean valley, which for a time defined pretty accurately the territory of the contending parties respectively. The defensive force, 7000 strong, under General Russell, was drawn up on the further slope of this valley, having its heavy artillery on a lofty knoll, from which it was for a long time impossible to dislodge it. The second division, constituting the attacking army, held the slopes nearest the windmill, with each flank resting upon a farmhouse, of which one was supposed to play a part equally important in the struggle of the day to that filled at Waterloo by Hougoumont. A battery of heavy guns was posted at each side of the windmill, and the residue of the ordnance was distributed along the front of the line as was permitted by the nature of the ground, which fell very rapidly at this point. The engagement opened by a heavy fire from the defenders, who saw themselves approached on one flank nearer than they thought desirable; and, after a short artillery duel, skirmishers were thrown out on each side, and some spirited movements took place among the gorse and broken ground, forming, as it were, the centre of the circle. When the firing began there was little or no wind, and the consequence was that the smoke from the heavy pieces of ordnance hung without rising near the spot where the discharge had taken place. Sometimes these smoke-clouds looked as tight and hard as bags of wool. Sometimes they spread out over the surface of the ground, wearing just such an aspect as if the heath and gorse had been set on fire, and the quick, lurid flashes of

subsequent discharges were the crackling flames licking up the briars. At one time the fire from the opposing batteries was so constant and heavy that the whole intervening valley was filled with smoke, and it was impossible any longer to discern anything that was taking place. Had this state of things continued the battle might have been fought out, as far as the public were concerned, in complete darkness. But, fortunately, a current of wind sprang up and carried off the densest portions of the vapour, which floated away into the distance, blotting out as they went an entire portion of the landscape. Any wreath of smoke which afterwards interfered with the view resembled rather the light sea fogs that blow inland occasionally than the thick clouds which bound the vision like a wall. The area covered by 20,000 men manoeuvring and marching to and fro is necessarily so extensive that it was impossible to follow with accuracy the different movements, or to individualise the corps by which they were undertaken. The general plan of the battle, however, appeared to be that under cover of a feigned attack on the right of the defending force the attacking party extended their lines so far to the right as first to throw back and eventually to overlap the left wing of the defending army. The latter took up a new position, but only to find the original assault on its right wing renewed with increased vigour, so that an advance en masse of the attacking force having commenced, the defenders retreated from the ground in the direction of their lines in Brighton. General Russell, however, contested every point with determination, making the most of all the advantages conferred upon him by his originally strong position. A considerable portion of the troops under his command wore scarlet uniforms, while at least half those opposed to him were dressed in lightish grey. This distinction in point of colour, trivial as the fact itself may appear, lent a wonderful air of reality to the combat; and one could not help admiring the truly British tenacity with which one of the battalions in red clung to the position assigned to it long after its chances, in a military point of view, might have been deemed hopeless. Some brilliant cavalry charges took place, one of which, by the Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards), is depicted in our Engraving, and which was executed in a most brilliant manner. Indeed, the carabiniers, who gained golden opinions during the day, were sweeping continually about, and threatening every corps which did not seem to know its own mind. Their vigilance may be gathered from the fact that the regiments in Lord Elcho's brigade of the defending force had to form square and deploy three times in less than a quarter of an hour. The only serious fault we detected during the day was the neglect of some regiments to take any sort of notice of the cavalry. The squadrons would charge right down upon a battalion in line, and then quietly ride round in the rear of the line and so back again to their own side, leaving the threatened regiment apparently quite unconscious that in actual warfare it must have been ridden through and through and wholly destroyed. It shows how useful a regiment or two of cavalry would be in the education of the force, and we should be very glad to hear that this branch of the service was on the increase. Universal admiration was expressed at the manner in which the artillery was served during the day, the very heaviest guns being handled with a smartness and such a continued fire kept up from them as to show that this important branch is one in which the volunteers, if ever called upon, will be qualified to render effectual service. Firing ceased shortly after four o'clock, and the united and reconciled divisions prepared to march back to Brighton by the routes assigned to them in the official programme. The troops then took their departure for their respective localities, those from London returning in perfect order and comfort at a reasonably early hour. The railway arrangements, both in the morning and at night, were highly satisfactory.

ACCIDENTS.

The only serious casualty that occurred during the day was one which happened to Joseph Lambert, of Poplar, gunner in the Tower Hamlets Artillery. He was acting with the men of the 1st Middlesex Artillery, when, in trying to clear the wheel of an ordinary carriage which was passing close to the cannon, he fell, and one of the wheels of the gun passed over his thigh, not breaking, but bruising it very badly. The poor fellow was at once conveyed in one of the Netley ambulances from the field to the temporary hospital fitted up in case of accidents at the review, where he was attended to by Brigade-Surgeon Burrows, of the 1st Sussex Artillery, assisted by the doctor of the Civil Service Corps. Two of the men of the Carabiniers had falls from their horses. One soon recovered from the shock he received in falling, and was able to mount again. The horse trampled on the knee of the other soldier and hurt it; but even in this case the injury is believed not to be a serious one.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE news of the fall of Richmond, though many of our contemporaries write as if they had been expecting it from day to day, did, in fact, take most persons by surprise. As to the effect of the signal defeat inflicted upon the Southern army the most contradictory opinions are expressed. The Northern partisans are convinced that the war is drawing rapidly to a close, and that Lee, if he has not already surrendered, must be on the point of doing so. The friends of the South hope that Lee's army may yet make a successful resistance, if the enemy should think fit to pursue it. One thing is quite certain, that an immense territory is still in the hands of the Confederates, and that, unless they are disheartened by the result of the last tremendous conflict, there is nothing in a material point of view to hinder them from prolonging the struggle for some considerable time to come.

A recent debate in the French Chamber on the state of affairs in Algeria shows that the position of the French colonists there is very insecure, and that the hostility of the Arabs is much greater than is generally supposed. The insurgent Arab chiefs examined before the military tribunals declare, what several French officers of long experience in Algeria also assert, that the native population is ready to rise en masse at the first opportunity. A really favourable opportunity may not present itself for some time. In the meanwhile, from the evidence given before the military commission

as well as from the discussion on the subject in the Corps Législatif, it would appear that the Arabs of Algeria may be divided into two classes—those who hate the French domination and make no secret of their hatred, and those who pretend to be the friends of the French but who detest them all the same. The French, in their way, have endeavoured, no doubt, to civilise Algeria. That is to say, they have established an administration there on the French pattern; instituted courts of justice, in which proceedings are conducted in accordance with the Code Napoléon; made roads, opened theatres and cafés, and, in general, have done their best to turn Algiers into a French city and Arabs into Frenchmen. That is just, however, what the Arabs do not like. They have their own notions on the subject of justice and of the mode in which it should be administered. They do not understand the French bureaucratic regulations, and would much rather be robbed by one another from time to time than live under a system of legality by which the depredations formerly committed by tribe upon tribe are rendered impossible, while all are plundered alike (as it seems to the Arabs) by the Government tax-gatherers. Will the French ever succeed in establishing themselves in Algeria, is a question which now, nearly forty years after the first occupation, is being seriously asked in Paris. One journalist, M. de Girardin, puts this inquiry to himself and answers it in the negative. The solution of the Algerian question given by *La Presse* is, like most of M. de Girardin's solutions, a very simple one. He proposes that the French should abandon Algeria as the English abandoned the Ionian Isles. There is not much chance of M. de Girardin's advice being followed; but the Emperor is convinced that "something must be done," and it is believed that, in deciding to visit Algeria, he has also resolved to introduce some new measures which it is hoped may have the effect of conciliating the natives. The problem the French have before them is a difficult one, and we ourselves have been unable to solve one of the same kind in India. Let them allow their foreign subjects to govern themselves and they will possess the means of organising a formidable rebellion, about which the French would know nothing until the very moment of its outbreak. Let them rule the Algerians as a conquered race, and endeavour to force French customs upon them, and they will irritate them into rebellion by rendering their position simply intolerable. To hit the proper medium between these two courses is what we have hitherto failed to do in India. That the French will be more successful in this respect in Algeria is scarcely probable.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, after a somewhat lengthened sojourn at Windsor, returned to his own kingdom on Tuesday afternoon. His Majesty is reported to be in better health.

M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS, it is rumoured, differs so widely on the Roman question with the Emperor that he will soon resign.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened in Manchester with the view of providing funds for the erection of a statue of the late Mr. Cobden in that city. It has also been resolved to raise £20,000 for the widow and daughters of the late statesman.

MR. SAMUEL LUCAS, managing proprietor of the *Morning Star*, died on Sunday morning. The deceased gentleman was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel H. Lucas, of Brighton, and was aged fifty-four years.

MR. THWAITES, chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, will receive the honour of knighthood on the occasion of the opening of the great system of intercepting sewers on both banks of the Thames.

M. THIERS, it is reported, is writing his memoirs, and has already arranged with a large publishing house in Paris for their publication.

THE CUCKOO was heard in Sussex on Sunday, and the swallow has also made its appearance.

LADY MARTIN, widow of the late Sir Henry Martin, has sent to the National Life-boat Institution £100, in memory of the late Admiral Sir Henry Byam Martin, K.C.B.

THE GRAND SEMINARY at Quebec was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult.; the fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

THE ROMAN POLICE AUTHORITIES lately ordered an English gentleman to quit Rome on account of his having worn a tricoloured scarf at the races on the Campagna.

A LAMB with five legs and six feet is now to be seen at the residence of Mr. James Elliot, Lamberton, near Berwick.

SOME FANATICAL EGYPTIAN GENDARMES, supported by an equally fanatical rabble, lately attacked the labourers on the Suez Canal works, seriously wounding several of them.

THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT wants a fleet, and considers that ten iron-clad frigates, ten iron-clad batteries, and twenty corvettes will accomplish this end. The cost is estimated at £4,200,000.

LORD PALMERSTON has awarded the sum of £100 from the Royal Bounty Fund to Mr. James Leslie Armstrong, of York, and formerly an Independent minister at Hasingwold, author of "Scenes in Craven," and other productions both in prose and verse.

AN IMITATION has been found in the body of Mrs. Taylor, the mother of Dr. Pritchard's late wife, which was exhumed for analysis, and the report which has been sent to Glasgow ascribes her death to the presence of that substance.

THE DISPUTE between the seamen and the owners of the Quebec timber traders at Poole has been settled by a compromise, the seamen having consented to go to sea for £3 15s. a month.

"LES PROPOS DE LABIENUS," the pamphlet which was condemned by the Correctional Tribunal of Paris, has been seized at Milan by order of the Italian Government.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT of St. Peter's Pence received since the month of September, 1859, up to the present time, is 43,010,400f.

SEVERAL CASES OF TYPHUS FEVER have occurred in Melbourne, Australia, the origin of which was traceable to the ship Golden Empire and the premature release of that vessel from quarantine.

A LARGE LING, taken in the lines of John Walker, fisherman, Collieston, on being opened, was found to contain a pretty large kitten.

LORD KENYON has recently presented an admirable bust of Spencer Percival, the unfortunate statesman, to the Vaughan Library of Harrow School. It is a valuable gift, as the only one taken. No portrait of Mr. Percival was taken in his lifetime.

THE CANADIAN MINISTER MISSION TO ENGLAND is to consist of the Hon. Messrs. J. A. Macdonald, G. E. Cartier, A. T. Galt, and George Brown. It is expected that they will sail by the steamer leaving Boston on the 12th proximo.

A RIFLE VOLUNTEER, named Colton, has been sent to prison, at Grantham, for twenty-eight days, with hard labour, for not paying his subscription of 10s.

A CORPS OF FEMALE COMMISSIONAIRES has been organised at Vienna. One branch of the duties they undertake to perform is the writing of letters for those of their sex who do not possess calligraphic accomplishments.

A NEW CLUB at the West-End is in course of formation. It is to be called "The Century," and to be limited to one hundred members. It is to meet weekly, for social and literary purposes, at the rooms of the Alpine Club in St. Martin's-place.

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT happened near the Seven Sisters-road, Holloway, on Saturday evening. Two men were at work in a sewer which is being made there, when suddenly a part of it fell in. One of the men was buried alive, and all efforts to extricate him failed.

MR. T. B. POTTER, Liberal, has been elected for Rochdale by a majority of 150 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Brett, the numbers polled being—Potter, 646; Brett, 496.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS seem to have been thoroughly enjoyed by nearly all classes of the people. On Good Friday and on Easter Monday vast numbers left London by all the available means of conveyance, besides on walking excursions. The various public exhibitions and places of amusement were also thronged.

A LIVE TOAD has been found embedded in a block of magnesium limestone, 25 ft. from the surface, at the Hartlepool Waterworks. Its mouth is completely closed, but it breathes through its nostrils. It is estimated to be 6000 years old!

MR. SEWARD, Federal Secretary of State, has ordered that all passengers by vessels arriving at New York must be provided with passports, failing which the vessels will not be allowed to discharge. This regulation may be of serious injury to shipowners, who cannot be expected to be responsible for their passengers' neglect or carelessness.

THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN THE MASTERS AND IRONWORKERS in the Wolverhampton district has been got over. On Saturday the masters met a deputation from the men, and a resolution was agreed to that some system of arbitration for the prevention of strikes and lock-outs should, as early as possible, be prepared.

A FARMER NAMED MAJOR was charged, at Templecourt Petty Sessions, with assaulting a labourer named Butcher, who appeared with a large plaster on his nose. Dr. Perrin, called for the defence, went up to Butcher and deliberately pulled off the plaster. There was no wound, and the act was greeted with loud laughter. The doctor was complimented upon his very conclusive evidence.

"HOW DAT SAMBO? You says you was at de battle of Bull Run, when I sees you at New York on de same night!" "Yes, Julius, you did for sartin. You see, our Colonel, says he, 'Boys, strike for yer country and yer homes!' Well, some struck for der country, but dis chile he struck for home. Dat explains de matter, yer see."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American* says that common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. "Rough as this treatment may appear," he says, "it works well; and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stopped from accumulation of dust or a thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure oil or rain water, and dried on a warm stove or near the fire."

THE CZAREWITCH has had an attack of cerebral meningitis at Nice, and it was feared his life was in danger. The Czar was expected in Nice yesterday morning. The Princess Dagmar of Denmark, to whom the young Russian Prince is betrothed, had gone to see him, by his particular desire, accompanied by her mother.

THE COURT OF LIEUTENANCY of the city of London has started a proposal for a review of militia and volunteers in Hyde Park. It is suggested that the review shall take place on the 20th of May, and the Duke of Cambridge is to be asked to be the reviewing officer.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

In every county, and borough, and city the note of preparation for the coming struggle is heard. Here is a small note, which has come to my ears from North Essex:—"Mr. Du Cane does not kill foxes." A damaging rumour had got whispered about amongst the honourable member's constituents that he has been guilty of the atrocious and sacrilegious crime of killing, or ordering his gamekeepers to kill, foxes; and it was thought that, with the cry of "Who killed the foxes?" raised against him, Mr. Du Cane's chance of being re-elected for North Essex would be very small. A country gentleman kill a fox in cold blood! Was the like of such an atrocity ever heard of before? Better almost kill a man than a fox otherwise than in fair and open field, after due hunting of the brute down. But Mr. Du Cane has come forward and in indignant terms denied the foul impeachment. Still, Mr. Du Cane is to be opposed—opposed by a Western, Sir Thomas Western, of Felix Hall, or some member of his family. If, however, Mr. Du Cane can clear his reputation effectually of this foul stain of fox-killing, I fancy that his foes will have a tough job to oust him from his seat; for, on turning to Mr. Acland's "Imperial Poll-book," I find that at the last contest for this division of Essex, in 1852, the Whig candidate, Mr. T. B. Lennard, a very popular man, polled only 883 votes, against 2334 for Mr. Beresford and 2412 for Sir John Tyrrell. In 1857, and 1859 the Liberals did not show. The fact is, Essex, especially the northern division of it, is a very blue county, and I think it is very unlikely that the Liberals will improve their position here. In South Essex Conservatism is not so strong. South Essex runs up to London, taking in Stratford and Bow and other metropolitan suburbs; but here, whilst the Liberal candidate, Mr. Wingfield Baker, got in by seventeen votes in 1857, he was defeated in 1859 by 450. It is understood, though, that there is to be a struggle for one seat. Mr. Perry Watlington and Mr. Bramston both resign, and the Liberals think that of three seats they may get one.

The Conservatives prophesy that they shall return again ten Conservatives from Essex, and I should not be surprised if they were to fulfill their prophecy. At present they hold only nine of the seats. Maldon sends us one Liberal—to wit, Mr. Sutton Western; but Mr. Sutton Western beat his Tory opponent in 1859 by only four votes. In 1857 he was at the head of the poll, and Mr. Peacocke was at the bottom. In 1859 Mr. Peacocke was at the top, some seventy votes over Mr. Western, and the latter gentleman only four ahead of the second Conservative, Mr. Meyrick. But it is quite impossible to guess what Maldon will do, unless you can measure the pulses of the candidates. Maldon has never had an election without a contest for forty years, and there is scarcely more likelihood of an election here without a fight than there is a probability that the Derby will be ever won by a walk over. Colchester sends two Tories, and though Mr. G. Rebow means to try to get one seat, I fear he will not succeed; whilst Major Jervis and his colleague, Colonel Rowley, are believed to be quite safe at Harwich. Major Jervis is a director of the Great Eastern Railway, which runs to Harwich, you know, and has opened up steam communication between that town and northern Europe, and lifted the place at once into importance and prosperity; and Harwich, of course, can do no less than return their benefactor and his friend to Parliament. I should not be at all surprised if Essex were again to achieve "a Conservative ten."

What does London mean to do? Is it definitely settled whom the Liberals are to bring out to fill the seat to be vacated by Sir James Duke? Sir James long since announced that, having domestic affairs—to wit, a new wife and consequences—to attend to, he would not come forward again; but, at present, I cannot learn that the man to succeed him is selected. I suspect that it is not easy to find the right man. Certain anomalous qualifications are required, I am told. He must be a Liberal, but not too liberal; he must be a Reformer to a certain extent, but he must defend the Corporation, than which nothing on earth more needs reforming—true reform. Then, again, he must be rich; a city so famous for its wealth must have a wealthy representative. And he must be well known, have a name in the City, otherwise some merchant-prince of the other faction—a Baring, for example—might come forward, and, by mere force of his name, gain the seat. Then, again, he ought to have brains, and a capacity for speaking, if possible. The City has not of late years been very particular about the latter qualification; but it would be better pleased if it could get a representative who could do something more than give a silent vote. I suppose, before long, the Liberal Registration Society will introduce its man.

Mr. Mackay, of the Black Ball line of ships, who intended at one time to go to Southampton to battle with Alderman Rose, has been obliged, one is sorry to hear, by failing health, to give up all thought of entering Parliament; but it is hardly likely that the Alderman will be allowed to walk over the course. Captain Engledee, late manager of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to whom the Alderman mainly owed his success in 1862, has been removed to another sphere, and can render no help to any candidate at Southampton again. But I do not believe that Mr. Rose's position there is so well entrenched as to defy opposition. I hear, however, of no new candidate at present.

Mr. Samuel Morley, whom we all know, has formally announced that he will solicit the votes of the electors of Nottingham. Mr. Morley, I think, a native of Nottingham. At all events, he is well known and highly respected there, as he is wherever he is known; and, I should imagine, will find little difficulty in heading the poll if there should be a contest. Mr. Paget, I think I have heard, will not stand again. Sir Robert Jukes Clifton will; and, as he beat the formidable Earl of Lincoln (now Duke of Newcastle)

single handed, in 1861, by more than two to one, I suppose that his seat is safe—certainly safe against a Conservative.

At Newcastle Mr. Cowan, the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*—a notable Radical, and well known as the personal friend of Garibaldi—will find little difficulty in beating Mr. Somerset Beaumont, if that gentleman should again present himself on the hustings; but I suspect that Mr. Beaumont will deem discretion the better part of valour, and retire without a fight into private life, or seek some other entrance into the house. At present Mr. Beaumont is at Vienna, helping Mr. Hutt, our Vice-President of the Board of Trade, to negotiate an Austrian treaty of commerce. Mr. Beaumont is a cultured man and a good speaker; but his political opinions are scarcely up to the Newcastle mark. Neither are those of Mr. Headlam, the other member for that matter; but Mr. Headlam is a Newcastle man. Moreover, there is a sort of tacit compromise there to the effect that the Whigs shall have one seat and the Radicals the other. Mr. Somerset Beaumont was thought to be a Radical when he was elected; but when he came to be tested in the House he did not give forth the ring of the true metal, and hence the appearance of Mr. Cowan in the field.

At York there will be a severe struggle, Colonel Smyth, the Conservative, retires, and to succeed him a Lowther is in the field; but the Liberals mean to try for both seats, and—in conjunction with Mr. Brown Westhead, vice-chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, who now represents the Liberals of York—they have put up Mr. George Leman, and there will be, no doubt, a gallant fight, for both these gentlemen must be men of great weight at York. The name of Lowther is well known in York: in three successive contests—1835, 1837, and 1841—a Lowther headed the poll. But Leman is no stranger—is, indeed, if not a native, a York man—more than once he has been Lord Mayor of the city; for years he carried on a large business as a solicitor and land agent there, and he is chairman of a railway and proprietor of mines, and I know not what besides, and is very popular and wealthy. In 1859 Mr. Austin Layard put up for York, and was defeated by some hundred votes; but he lost nothing but the seat; for a few liberal gentlemen, before he left, got in the bills, paid them all, and handed them over to him receipted, giving him at the same time a railway-ticket for London. I shall watch this battle between Lowther and Leman with interest. In every way this is a stand-up fight between the old and the new—old principles and new principles, an old county family and a *novus homo*.

Adam Black retires from Edinburgh. And surely it is time; for—would you believe it?—he is nearly eighty-one years of age. True, as he walks into the house, erect, and with firm tread, you would not take him to be more than seventy—hardly that, perhaps. But he is really in his eighty-first year, and, if I mistake not, in the second half of it; and at that age no man, unless he have a special call, should stop in the House of Commons. Who the Edinburgh people mean to substitute for Mr. Black I have not heard.

There have been many reports—all more or less well founded, and some of them considerably less than more—about the new evening paper, the *Glowworm*. It has been said and printed that the *Glowworm* is a comic paper, and also that it is a theatrical paper. Permit me to inform those excellent gentlemen who have a habit of knowing everything before it happens that it is neither one nor the other. What it is I am not at liberty to divulge; but I am able to state what it is not. It is not to be an attempt at a daily *Punch*, and it is not to be an attempt at a daily *Entrée*.

The mention of the word "theatrical" reminds me of an anecdote I heard of a distinguished shareholder of a new theatre in the course of erection in the provinces. "Suppose," said the distinguished shareholder—announcing a new idea with his fist upon the table—"suppose we don't open the theatre till six weeks after Christmas, by that means we shall save the expense of a pantomime!"

I read in a French paper of the discovery of a new science—pedology—i.e., the language of the feet. Oh, Lavater! Oh, Gall and Spurzheim! hide your diminished craniums. Derby-Day fortune-tellers, your occupation is gone. No longer by the hand, by the face, by the bumps—by palmistry, physiognomy, or phrenology—shall we guess at the mental characteristics of our fellows. Our first request will be, "Take off your boots;" and it is even possible that the vulgar cry of "How's your poor feet?" may become a correctly fashionable, polite, and scientific inquiry.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE EASTER NOVELTIES.

In pursuance of the path they have so creditably marked out for themselves, on Easter Monday Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton produced Milton's masque of "Comus," at DRURY LANE. The last time it was played was in the same theatre, under the management of Mr. Macready, in the year 1843. Miss Poole, Mr. Henri Drayton, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Miss Augusta Thomson (a pupil from the Conservatoire, and a member of the famous troupe at the Bouffes Parisiennes) have been engaged to secure the effective rendering of the music. Mr. Walter Lacy delivers the lines of Comus with proper force and grace; and the same remark applies to Mr. Edmund Phelps Mrs. Hermann Vezin admirably interprets the sentiments of the poet. The scenic effects are worthy of Mr. Beverley, and will for some time be "sights" for the holiday seeker and visitor. The Depths of a Wild Wood and a Tangled Brake prepare the mind of the eye for the gorgeous glories of the Hall of Revelry in the Enchanter's Palace, and its mystical change to the Water-Nymph's Retreat and Sabrina's Translucent Home. The dance of the bacchantes and the satyrs, and the ensemble of the whole of the arrangements of the stage, for which, I presume, we are indebted to Mr. Robert Roxby and to Mr. Cormack, are as near perfection as we should hope for. It is a furious rout—a revel of fallen spirits—a *carnagiale* of wood fiends. Those who love the music of Milton's marvellous poetry will do well to see the last revival at Old Drury.

At the HAYMARKET the curtain rose on Monday on the farce of "My Wife's Mother," an adaptation by Mr. Charles Mathews, first produced in the same theatre thirty-two years ago (How time flies!); and, after "The Woman in Mauve," Mr. Southern appears in Mr. Byron's farce of "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For" with his usual effect. "Easy Shaving" concludes the performance.

Mr. Fechter reappeared on Monday as Belphegor. And here let me correct an error which crept into my column a fortnight ago. Mr. Palgrave Simpson is not answerable for a new version of "Pailasse"; in fact, the piece called "The Mountebank" is not a new version at all, but the same drama, judiciously altered and modified, that was acted at the LYCEUM some years ago, when Mr. Dillon figured in the principal part. As in "Don Cesar de Bazar" and "Robert Macaire," so in "Belphegor," Mr. Fechter idealises the showman as he idealised the escaped galley-slave and the drunken Castilian. No matter how tawdry the clothes, how bad the boots, how battered the hat, the gentleman must shine through all; thus we have Belphegor, not attired in the usual red and white check in which charlatans address their audience, but in trousers, vest, and frock-coat, worse for wear, and altogether with the appearance and manners of a shabby officer of commissariat. We have Belphegor an artist, not Belphegor a showman; Belphegor gentle and educated, not Belphegor kindhearted and commonplace. This may be a gain to the actor, but, I think, is a loss to the character. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Fechter realised this new conception admirably, with the depth of passion and all the earnest and playful tenderness he knows so well how to portray. In the last act, where, in a bag-wig and fine array, he passes for a gentleman, bamboozles his naughty relatives, and meets his wife for the first time since their separation, his acting was especially delicate and fine, and almost excused the absurdity of finding a marquise for an itinerant showman because no means of getting rid of him were possible. Master Paul Fechter, who appeared, for the first time on any stage, as the Mountebank's son, evinced great aptitude for the art in which his father has so highly distinguished himself, and his interesting appearance roused the enthusiasm of the ladies to full maternal pitch. Madlle. Beatrice made the most of the somewhat slender materials afforded by the character of the Mountebank's wife; and Mr. Widdicombe, as the merryman Farfayou, kept the audience in a

roar of laughter. His description of his professional enthusiasm, and the gradual manner in which it carried him away, was a fine, truthful stroke of real comic acting, and was applauded to the echo. The rest of the characters, which the adapter has made but settings for the prominent parts, were judiciously played. The stalls and boxes were filled by literary and artistic notabilities, the majority of whom laughed and cried as if they themselves had never written novels or poems, or painted pictures, or pleaded causes, but were entirely unacquainted with the springs of human passion and the means by which the feelings are touched and the emotions stirred.

At the OLYMPIC the new comediella of "Always Intended" precedes "Settling Day," and the old farce of "High Life Below Stairs" has been revived, with Mr. H. Wigan, Mr. Soutar, Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Cooper, and Mrs. Leigh Murray in the principal characters.

"Pirithous, a son of Ixion and the cloud—or, according to others, of Dia, the daughter of Deioneus and Jupiter. He was King of the Lapithæ, and invaded the territories of Theseus, King of Athens. At the sight of one another the two enemies made friends; and Pirithous, some time after, married Hippodamia (a daughter of Adrastus, King of Argos). At the nuptial feast Euruthion (a Centaur), captivated by the beauty of Hippodamia and intoxicated with wine, made love to the bride. . . . The loss of Hippodamia left Pirithous very disconsolate, and he resolved, with his friend Theseus, who had likewise lost his wife, never to marry again except to a goddess, or one of the daughters of the gods. . . . Pirithous undertook with his friend to carry away Proserpine and to marry her. They descended into the infernal regions; but Pluto, who was apprised of their machinations to disturb his conjugal peace, stopped the two friends and confined them there. Pirithous was tied to his father's wheel. His punishment, however, was short; and, when Hercules visited the kingdom of Pluto, he obtained from Proserpine the pardon of Pirithous and brought him back to his kingdom safe and unhurt." Thus far our old friend Lemprière, which, with very considerable alterations, has formed the subject of the new classical extravaganza, by Mr. Burnand, which was produced at the ROYALTY on the Thursday before Easter. The name and adventures of Pirithous are, perhaps, less familiar to general readers than those of the late Duke of Wellington or of the present General Tom Thumb, which will account for the unwonted appearance in this column of a long quotation. Ixion having enjoyed an unprecedented success, it was natural that Mr. Burnand should turn his attention to the son of Ixion; and if the fate of Pirithous may be anguished from the welcome he received on Thursday week, it is to be hoped that he left descendants to be turned to equally good—i.e., extravagant—account. An old friend from L'Orphée aux Enfers—one John Styx—has been imported into the new piece, and the translation of the famous song, "Si j'étais Roi de Beotie," with which Monsieur Bache tickled Parisian ears for nearly 600 nights, was one of the hits of the evening; as also was the sparkling solo and chorus, "Pour séduire Alcène," from the same diabolically-charming opéra. It is too late in the day to compliment Mr. Burnand, who is the author of half a hundred burlesques. I will, therefore, content myself by saying that his power of pun and parody is still in full force, and by giving one quotation. The scene is Hades, and Hippodamia asks Pluto

What can be duller than this dull abode?
to which Pluto replies—

There is a spot on earth, my little deary,
Than which e'en Hades' self is far less dreary;
There dull and gloomy seems the brightest day;
There Desolation holds her milder'd sway;
The timid moonbeams never yet went near there;
The boldest sun-ray never dares appear there;
The vagrant London sparrow seldom goes there,
But turns his back up at the grass that grows there.
At night, each mongrel cur and rascal cat, too,
Scampers and howls around the one-legged statue
Which occupies the centre—black, alone,
And Melancholy marks it for her own!
Yes, thank your stars! you've not been banished there,
To live within the bounds of Leicester-square.

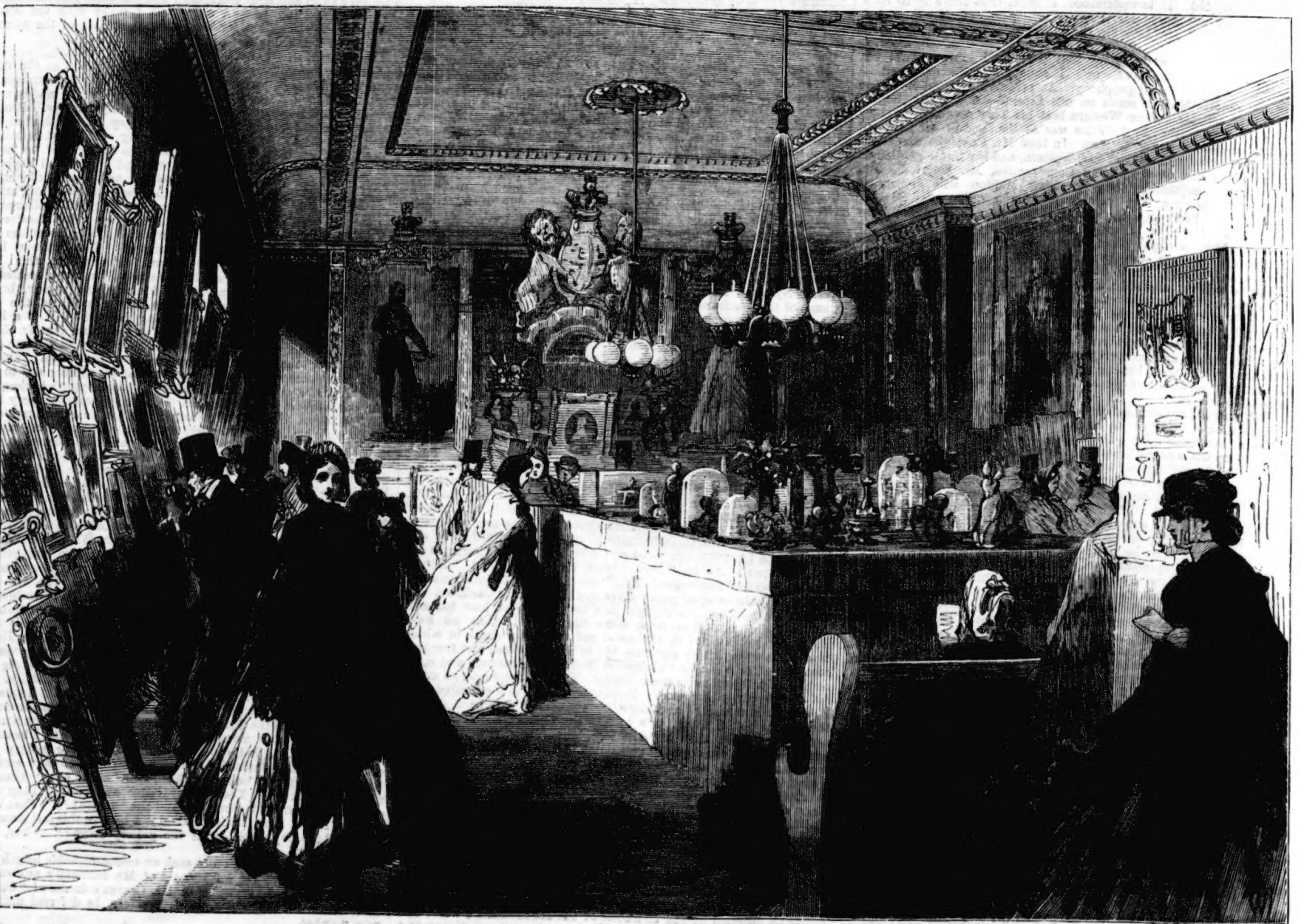
The scenery, dresses, and decorations are all that could be wished, and, indeed, more dressing would be desirable. It is an understood thing that in classic days the gods, the goddesses, and mortals wore very short and scanty drapery; but classicality in this respect may be carried too far—a suggestion I make with the utmost deference and admiration for the charming owners of the symmetrical forms so lavishly displayed in Dean-street.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE—late the Queen's—opened on Saturday last with great éclat. A crowd gathered at the doors at an early hour—not a crowd of besieging spectators anxious for seats, but of the old frequenters of the theatre in its muddy melodramatic period—anxious to see the "quality" arrive. Pending the arrival of the quality the crowd gave way to vocalisation, and "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was sung with great heartiness. Indeed, they expected that in the carriages that rolled up to the box door his Royal Highness would be found. His Royal Highness, however, did not come, although I believe he is expected shortly. In his absence, a number of fashionable people, literary and artistic celebrities, young "swells," and very pretty girls gathered together, and formed an elegant audience. The theatre has been carefully and tastefully decorated, a proscenium has been built, and an act-drop painted. The private boxes all have sliding-doors. The "dust," for which this little dramatic arena has been so long famous, has been scattered—the contractors only know where; and everything is new, bright, and spotless. The curtain rose upon a new comediella, the work of Mr. J. P. Wooler, called "A Winning Hazard." It is a lively little piece, and served as a favourable introduction for Mr. Sidney Bancroft, an actor with a considerable and deserved provincial reputation for the personation of modern gentlemen; also to Mr. Dyas, whose serious hoarseness marred his efforts; and to Miss Bella Goodall and Miss Lilian Hastings. Mr. Byron's burlesque of "La Sonnambula; or, the Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy," followed. The subject is familiar to all, and has been treated by Mr. Byron in his happiest manner. Amina, the sleepy and the skittish, is represented by Mr. Clarke, and the cause of quarrel between him—I mean her—and Elvino (Miss Fanny Josephs) is the abduction of a watch taken by the sleep-walker from the table of Count Rodolpho's chamber. Alessio, in the person of Miss Marie Wilton, is the smartest, prettiest, and neatest of little village barbers; under the deft hands of such an operator easy shaving would be, indeed, a luxury. "A pretty little pair of Alpine kids," to quote the playbill (the Misses Blanche and Augusta Wilton), shall I say "bleated" very prettily for the first time; and another new face, that of Mr. Harry Cox, who played the virtuous peasant, and who has acquired considerable renown as a dancer, was also welcomed by the audience. Mr. Montgomery, another new appearance, played the village notary and exhibited a considerable fund of rich, real, unobtrusive humour. His figure and manner reminded me strongly of poor Sir William Don. I shall be very much deceived if this gentleman does not become one of our best comedians. Mr. Dewar, whom I was glad to see again in London, played Rodolpho most effectively and artistically. Want of space limits me to a final compliment to Miss Bella Goodall and to Mr. James, the artist. Few theatres have opened under such happy auspices as the Prince of Wales's; and one of the strongest tributes to the new management was a conversation I heard as I left the theatre. A lad, evidently an habitué in the gallery of the old Queen's, had descended for refreshments and had met some friends of congenial tastes. "Well, Bill," asked one, "what's the new actors like?" The gallery critic answered, "They're the cleanest lot you ever seen." "And the theatre?" "That's clean too." "No!" The inquirers could not believe this last statement; it seemed too impossible. "Is the gallery clean?" "Yes, it's all beastly clean!"

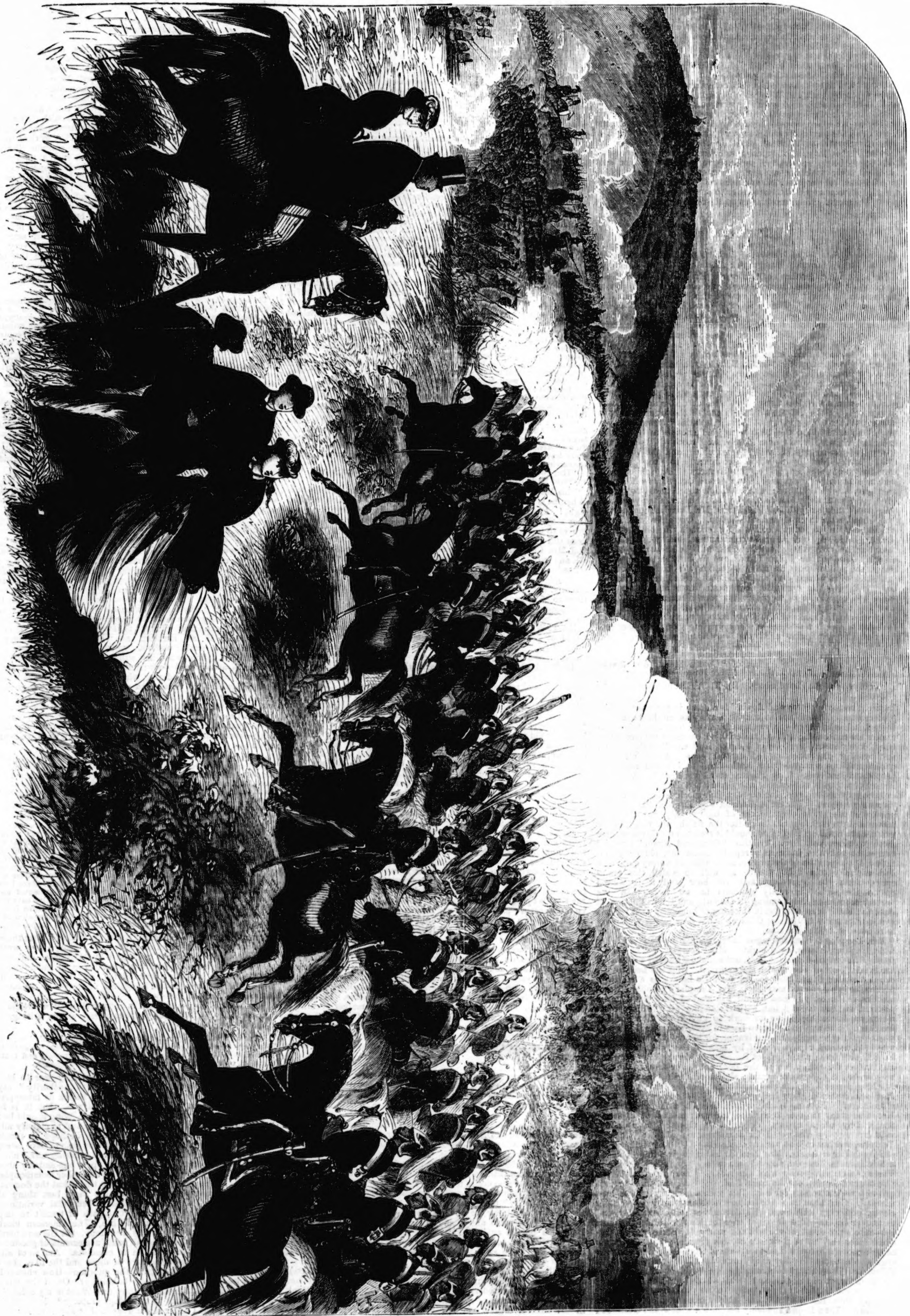
I find that I have run on to such an unconscionable length that I have left no room for an account of Mr. Burnand's new extravaganza at the St. James's; or of Mr. Craven's drama of "One-Tree Hill," at the Strand, which must, therefore, be deferred until your next number.



THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION AT DUBLIN: ARRIVAL OF GOODS AT THE NORTH WALL, DUBLIN QUAY.—SEE PAGE 245.



FINE-ART EXHIBITION IN THE TOWNHALL, WINDSOR.—SEE PAGE 250.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON: CHARGE OF THE 6TH D ALBANS (CARABINIERE)—SEE PAGE 245

FINE-ART EXHIBITION AT WINDSOR.

OUR Engraving of the exhibition at the Townhall, Windsor, represents a most interesting collection of objects of art and curiosity. It occurred to us, tempted by the glorious weather and by the eminent attractions of the Royal burgh upon the Thames, to be recently at Windsor, when we were agreeably surprised to find such an evening's amusement as that furnished by the friends and patrons of the Windsor and Eton Literary Institution. Three or four saloons were radiant with paintings of a high class, with caskets, with silver, gold, and jewels. The Royal family had contributed largely to the show. There were to be seen the casket, inlaid with national agates and cabingorms, presented by the ladies of Edinburgh to the Princess of Wales; several highly-finished portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Prince, Princess, and Infant Prince, coloured in the highest style of art by Lock and Whitfield; arms and costumes from India and China, scientific and optical instruments, and, above all, the best society from miles around. On each evening a pleasing concert was given, at which several London singers assisted. We were, as were all present, specially delighted with the charming singing of a Miss Neighbour, of Windsor, pupil of the Royal Academy of London. This lady, who appeared to be scarcely more than seventeen years of age, possessed of unusual graces of figure, face, and manner, fairly took her audiences by storm. It was not to be wondered at that her presence was announced in the advertisements of the exhibition as a special attraction, or that, after such an announcement, the rooms were as crowded as on the occasion of our visit.

Literature.

Soldiering in Sunshine and in Storm. By WILLIAM DOUGLAS. Private 10th Royal Hussars. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

Since the "Recollections of Rifleman Harris" and the Staff Sergeant's "Camp and Barrack-room," no commissionless warrior has written so entertaining a volume as this "Soldiering in Sunshine and in Storm." The field of observation includes India, Egypt, the Crimea, and home; and Mr. Douglas, being an observant man, and evidently of brain and cultivation much above his class, has turned these subjects to excellent account. For some people Bombay may be pleasant enough; and double pay for India, as is the custom, must be pleasant for military men. But we are inclined to agree with Mr. Douglas that there can be but little comfort in a land where many luxuries are necessities—if a common phrase may be used—on a double allowance of next to nothing. When doubled, the five and threepence per day of the Ensign becomes a serious thing; but, after all deductions are made from the pay of the private soldier, to double the balance of it is not to put in his way many of those "luxuries" demanded by a hot climate. And so the 10th were glad enough to be ordered to the Crimea, and even the six months' hurry and worry in getting ready, and the marching and the voyaging, must have been paradisaical compared to the horrible monotony of having to endure idleness. A soldier's experiences on board ship, and in the desert, &c., reads differently from ordinary descriptions; and, although the 10th did not get to the Crimea until sadly late in the day, and although ten years ago we were inundated with soldiers' letters, Mr. Douglas's pages will yet be read with interest and satisfaction. One error, which was almost certain to occur, comes duly enough in its place, or places. He is very critical on his commanders, and by no means to their habitual advantage; and he writes as if he knew more about an army than all the Horse Guards and War Office put together. For all the public know, he may be quite right; but still it is an exhibition of bad taste, and an injudicious proceeding, because nobody will give him credit for indisinterestedness; and readers will smile and care little as to where the sore place may be. But, doubtless, a man of some cultivation must be an angel indeed who could endure the ranks of the Army without some irritation. But the book is worth reading; and some chapters of it, by-the-way, have already seen print in *All the Year Round* and in the *United Service Magazine*.

NEW NOVELS.

Once and Again. By the Author of "Cousin Stella," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

David Garrick. A Love Story. By T. W. ROBERTSON. S. O. Beeton.

In many respects "Once and Again" is a great improvement on its predecessors. Though not so concise a story as might have been wished, it has unflagging interest, as far as the fortunes of the characters are concerned; and the material, which seems to hang somewhat loosely around the body of the plot, is of excellent description and worthy the attention of careful eyes. Above all good qualities will be recognised the truthfulness to life and nature of people and localities. It is France, and all is French. And it is French thoroughly understood, not that ruined English which can only be acquired in perfection through that glorious institution the "six easy lessons." The little German and English likewise are good, and the whole effect is one of such vitality that the book leaves many a rack behind, long after the finish, and might easily confuse the novel-reading mind should it rush too quickly into three more volumes, post 8vo. The title "Once and Again" must, of course, be taken to indicate a repetition—an old, old story—or, rather, the repetition of the nearest foundation of a story quite new and capably told. It will be as well to watch this main-spring from the beginning, and see how well it is wound up to the end. It really amounts to no more than the proverb concerning the bending of the twig and the inclination of the tree; but it is so well put in the form of humanity that parents and their progeny will be set thinking about themselves, what they have done, and what has resulted.

Mrs. Templar is a middle-aged lady, residing in Paris with her little daughter, Louisa, aged eight. Mrs. Templar is "of a good family," has married well (at last), but somehow loses by widowhood the greater part of the wealth she expected. But the heir to the entailed estates gives £5000 to her for little Louisa, as a marriage portion, or whatever it may be. Mrs. Templar's peculiar characteristics set in early. She herself has worked hard for a grand position, and has failed; but, notwithstanding all this disappointment, she immediately sets to work to gain a position for her daughter. She economises, even tries to save, works hard in every way to gain appearance and cultivation for her child; but she is of a bad nature, and repays herself by making that child miserable. Poor Louisa leads a hot life of it. She is always being snubbed and scolded for things which she does not do, or does, as the case may be, but is always the victim; always confessing her fault and soothing mamma with a kiss; and always being told by mamma that she "should show her penitence by something more solid than kisses." Nothing could happen to such a child but failure. Her first great fault is being the innocent means of exposing the villany of a certain Viscount de Granson, a swindler, who has already contracted for a matrimonial alliance with Mrs. Templar, and has cajoled her out of Louisa's £5000 on the strength of splendid investments. Mrs. Templar never forgives this. Louisa's next offence is, however, seriously grave for a young lady of sixteen. There is a certain young man, Gustave Gastineau, who has been a playmate of Louisa, on the same Paris staircase, and who has conceived a violent passion for her. But such a match would be most unequal. Gastineau is a bookseller's assistant merely; but he is clever, and very ambitious. He determines to be somebody, and talks over Louisa—who does not care for him, or thinks she does not—into a promise that she will not marry for three years. Circumstances lead to a disclosure of this promise; and, Gastineau being remonstrated with, Louisa is released from her pledge, and soon after she marries the first rich man who offers—the Viscount de Villemont. Then begins Gastineau's revenge. He suddenly becomes the lion-novelist of the day, and writes all his novels on the history of Louisa and himself. It is agony to her; and, moreover, she is unhappy with her husband, and thinks she owes reparation to Gastineau. Then Louisa suddenly becomes a widow, and Gastineau

obtains a splendid appointment in the very village adjoining her own chateau. They are thrown together in society, and his influence over her makes her love him madly, passionately; and the monster, preferring revenge to love, proposes to another woman, her dearest friend, and is accepted. No more of the story shall be told, and what is related here is but a tithe of the whole. It is a game of cross purposes, ultimately worked out into a grave contentment, which many people find sufficient, after the first great dream of unlimited happiness is over. The position is that of Shelley's lines realised—

When Passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep.

Two short extracts will best explain the morality of "Once and Again."

"Whether she pouts, or whether she smiles," he went on, "she is grace personified. There may by possibility be handsomer children to be found; but nothing like Louisa."

"She is certainly very happily gifted," observed the lady, twirling her bracelet round her wrist.

"Happily gifted for what?" exclaimed the Marquis, jarred by the conventional tone.

"Do my words need explanation? happily gifted means happily gifted, of course."

"An answer which leaves my question where it was."

"I mean what everybody means," replied the lady; "when a girl is beautiful and clever she is called happily gifted."

"Be it so, but for what? To secure her own happiness? I doubt it: there are heavy taxes laid on great possessions. Destiny sports rather with what is high than low, as the storm does with the loftiest trees; you couldn't point out to me, if you tried for a week, three instances of a happy, tranquil life falling to the lot of superlative beauty, or genius, or even to one possessed of a character greatly superior to his generation. Mankind generally revenges this last species of excellence by bestowing on it the death of a criminal."

At the close, Louisa, talking of convents, says, "It is not a bad idea to provide hospitals for invalid souls and hearts, as well as for sick bodies."

"Why, why has everything gone against me all my life?" exclaimed Louisa, passionately. "What radical fault is there in me, which has made all my good gifts null and void?"

"What the ancients called fate, the moderns name law, my dear. Your bringing up made you what you are. The consequences of mistakes fall not only on the person who makes them, but also on those who have suffered from the blunders. You have plenty of vigour of mind, use it to control circumstances; that's the difference between strength and weakness. Struggle, action, work, is the true meaning of life."

"I cannot understand it—I cannot make it out—why, if it is a necessity that man should live in a struggle, why is he here at all?"

"If this earth were the universe the question would be more puzzling; but, my dear, are you growing sceptical?"

"I don't know what I am growing—I do see that theory and practice disagree. All the striving I have come in contact with has been to have a box on four wheels to drive in, and to be better lodged than your neighbour. To me," went on Louisa, impatiently, "the world seems growing more silly every day. Where are there men like the prophets of old, or women like the heroines of the Bible?"

"They were in the minority then, as great minds always will be," answered M. de Blacourt.

This Marquis de Blacourt holds a curious position in the book. When he is forty it is evident that he is in love with Louisa, aged eight! And the reader can but think that in the next few years they may marry, despite the great disparity of age; but, no—it proves to be Mr. Browning's "Evelyn Hope" over again. It is a beautiful character; an odd mixture of love and lecturing, Cupid and Mrs. Chapone. But they are not unusual companions, after all, and here they combine to make up one of the best of men—a refined and polished gentleman, professing to be a little misanthropic through a certain disappointment which afflicts men differently, but in reality doing good to all around him and teaching them to be as good as himself.

If people do not get this novel the present trouble taken will have to be its own reward.

Mr. T. W. Robertson has benefited what may be called a second world of people desirous of amusement by the production of "David Garrick" as a love story. His drama of the same name has enjoyed a long popularity—a popularity by no means yet at an end. The book is not likely to clash with the drama. Whether the public read or see first is of little moment, although the interest is too strong and refined to deserve to suffer anticipation. The story is founded on the French play "Sullivan," and Mr. Robertson has wisely grafted the idea on to Garrick, whose well-known and honoured character it suits admirably. A hundred years ago the "poor player" (who is generally a very rich man, with a taste for begging) did not occupy his present position in society. He was classed with—well, with all kinds of people, even in the lines of Johnson, who was Garrick's tutor and friend. But Garrick, as Mr. Robertson says, "elevated a slipshod calling into an art," and therefore he is peculiarly well suited for the present purpose, because a man of honour and a gentleman is indispensable for the proper object of a romantic attachment which is intended to end happily. Fancy a beautiful City heiress throwing herself at the actor's feet, and the fond old father, a rough specimen of a Thames-street diamond, offering to buy him out of the country with three times the amount of the actor's enormous earnings! But fancy and admire still more that actor's fine sense of honour when the unhappy beauty literally throws herself into his arms, and he simply takes her back to her father with all the best advice in the world! Excellent in the book, as it is with Mr. Sothorn on the stage, is the scene in which Garrick feigns the most sickening intoxication by way of disgusting his darling admirer—while he all the time is dying with love for her. Some of these particulars may be remembered; and, as the story may in a measure be looked upon in the light of a reproduction, it would be unfair to hint at the incidents in closer detail. It will be found pleasant reading, and even better in print than upon the stage. The progress, and especially towards the close, is less hasty and more natural; and new characters introduced on paper, with a greater range of observation on men and things, and especially things theatrical a century since, give a more varied animation to the scene, and which could never have been contrived within stage limits. Ada Trawley and Louisa Templar err in different ways. Both are impulsive. Both have good advisers. One consents to be crushed by her mother's coldness, and to be miserable. The other simply runs away from her father's house and, after a time, is rewarded with happiness. We can easily understand both stories happening; and can, at all events, congratulate readers that they have happened in one and in three volumes.

A BATCH OF BOOKS.

There are moments in which we live years!—a remark which the reader has seen before. There are, in like manner, in a reviewer's career times when he is obliged to crowd much reviewing power into small space, and "do" at one stroke, as we do now, a batch of books.

"The Mysteries of the Vatican; or, the Crimes of the Papacy," from the German of Dr. Theodore Griesinger, translated by E. S., in 2 vols. (W. H. Allen and Co.), is a very readable and comprehensive book, the character of which is sufficiently described by the title. To cautious readers it may be recommended as a valuable index. But it is no more than an index, and must not be relied on as a narrative. We have no desire to shield the Papacy from a single just imputation, and it is not possible (in spite of the proverb) to paint a certain "party" too black; but the volumes before us commit the fault of jumbling up obvious and impossible falsehoods with things both possible and true. This is what is always giving Papists a handle against Protestant criticism, and it is a grave blunder, both of taste and policy. However, the book is a good index, as we have said; not to be wholly trusted, but a useful guide if well-questioned now and then.

"Ballads, by the Author of Barbara's History" (Tinsley Brothers), is a charming little book, both without and within, and the preface is even touchingly modest and truthful. We cannot say we think the self-consciousness of the author has misled her (on the whole) in the bashful estimate of her book which she appears to have

formed for herself. But, for all that, there is here and there in her ballads an accent of natural music which would make us pause in deciding; and, briefly, we wish her well, and do not object to listen to her singing.

"The Muscles and their Story, from the Earliest Times" (Chapman and Hall), is a wide title; but the book does not contain any sensation-writing about Sampson, Tom Sayers, and other muscular people who might be supposed to contribute to the story of the muscles. It is a scientific work, of quasi-popular interest, in which is incorporated the whole text of Mercurialis; and Dr. J. W. F. Blundell, the accomplished author, has managed to make "rational gymnastics" a pleasant as well as instructive topic. But it would have been better, we think, if Dr. Blundell had given us an original work "right away," and put Mercurialis into the appendix. We have much pleasure in recommending the book to the notice of parents, teachers, valetudinarians, and others.

In the "Psychonomy of the Hand; with Illustrative Tracings from Living Hands" (Pitman), Mr. Richard Beamish (the author of the "Life of Brunel") has produced a very entertaining book about "the Hand as an Index of Mental Development." A work of this kind cannot fail to be amusing, because it must contain illustrative anecdote; and who can look without interest upon a "tracing" of that unspeakably wonderful—or, rather, wonderfully-speaking—hand of Helen Faucit? The philosophy of the case lies in small compass. Undoubtedly the hand is a guide to character; so is the foot; so is the toenail; so is the handwriting. The difficulty is to read them. Minds of a certain order may always do something real in this kind; and science cannot afford to lose a single honest experimenter or questioner of nature. The difficulty of reading external indications of character lies, of course, in the complications of action and reaction. But it is a curious fact that some of the very truest criticisms upon life and conduct turn up in books like this of Mr. Beamish. Whoever calls his notion "visionary," nobody will deny that the following is a good description of

"SQUARE-FINGERED" PEOPLE.

The conceptions of government entertained by the square-finger take a constitutional form. When strong, self-respect will be found to mingle with the homage which it pays to those in authority. In royalty, it sees rather the executive of its own legalised desires than the mere dispenser of grace and favour; and in the aristocracy, an element of that controlling power so dear to the lover of social order. It is, however, apt to confound discipline with civilisation, compulsion with voluntary consent. It is also disposed to pass severe, if not harsh, judgments; to refer everything to duty; to subject thought to thought and man to man; and to be little tolerant of any impulse of mind or heart unless it receive the sanction of the reason. It does not care to extend its view beyond man in his social circle, and is always ready to deny what it is unable to comprehend. The defects of this type are—a tendency to intermeddle with other people's affairs, a disposition to offer advice unasked, and to exhibit mortification and disappointment if it be not accepted; in short, to indulge in a little social despotism. There is also a tendency in this hand to rest satisfied with superficial knowledge—with what appears to be truth—rather than patiently to search out what is truth, and generally it is unable to recognise either beauty or truth out of the limits of the conventional circle. Similitude, conformity, and homogeneity possess the same charm for these hands that contrast and individuality do for the conical.

As the observations upon the human hand contained in this book, whether original or confessedly derived, will be new to the majority of people, we can recommend it. It is a capital book to lie on the table, and set people talking on dull days.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The *Popular Science Review*, edited by Dr. Henry Lawson, is a quarterly miscellany of literature which, without trying at it, succeeds in being entertaining far better than some miscellanies which try hard. Mr. Walker (whose name is so well known in connection with electricity, on "Train Signalling"; Mr. Boner, on "Extract of Meat" (though his name is not fleshy); and Mr. Robert Hunt, on the "Physical Phenomena of Other Worlds," are far more interesting than half the novels of the season. In reading like this, the first plunge is everything. Get over that, and science is as amusing as "Fearne on Contingent Remainders"—a work, without which no young lady's library is complete. The scientific summary of the *Popular Science Review* is always well done; but you can never read a scientific summary without wondering what becomes of all the wonderful new things that are catalogued as imminent. Where is the gun that was to shoot at a thousand miles and return the ball? Where is the new teapot that was to make an ounce of souching last a year and a day? Where is the new material for boots that would never wear out? Now, here is something fresh—not quite new, but fresh—about an old vexed question; but when shall we hear of it again?

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.—M. A. Voisin has been carrying on inquiries in the town of Batz, in the Loire-Inférieure. Having selected forty-six cases of consanguineous marriage, he examined the husbands, wives, and children in regard to their physical and intellectual development, and made inquiries concerning the families examined and their ancestors, through the assistance of the Mayor, pastor, and oldest inhabitants. Combining the statistics thus collected, he finds that intermarriages do not bring about disease, idiosyncrasy, or malformation. The number of inhabitants is about 3300. They are very intelligent, almost all the adults being able to read, and the morality is of the highest stamp. Theft or murder has not occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The mothers nurse their children till they are fifteen months old, and the general food of the population is of the vegetable class. There are at present in Batz forty-six couples who are cousins—five who are second cousins, thirty-one who are third cousins, and ten who are fourth cousins. From the five unions of second cousins there have been produced twenty-three children, none of whom have presented any congenital deformity. The thirty-one marriages of third cousins have produced 120 children, all healthy; and the marriages of fourth cousins have given rise to twenty-nine children, all of whom, with the exception of a few attacked by ague, were strong and healthy at the time of examination.

We need not suggest to our "scientific readers" that these facts must not be taken as proof of any general theory; they must take their place provisionally as registered by M. Voisin, and wait till they find a permanent place in a wider series of induction, before their value can be fairly presented for practical purposes. In the meanwhile, the presumption is against marriages of consanguinity in ordinary civilised society.

The *Watch Tower* contains a very well-written article about "Eccentricity." But one's praise must stop at the writing. Here is the first sentence:—

It has been said by a great authority that the tendency of this generation is towards a uniformity so slavish and so senseless that eccentricity has become valuable in and for itself, simply as a protest; and that it is, therefore, to be cultivated and respected wherever it is found.

Now, no great authority ever said eccentricity was to be "cultivated and respected." All the "great authority" says is, that it is to be let alone. The writer before us misapprehends the whole subject. What Mr. Mill says is, that it is for the good of the world that new experiments of living should be tried; he would be infinitely amused with the attempt to classify all rules of conduct as "good, bad, or indifferent." Perhaps an illustration or two will help us. Some very illustrious people have lately concurred in recommending the formation of working men's clubs. A few critics have opposed this, setting up a hue-and-cry about the "fireside," and the "domestic hearth," and other commonplaces of that sort. It never seems to occur to them that the domestic life of England may possibly not be the very best thing that it could be made; that it is susceptible of beneficial variations, and that some form of club-life may be a path of transit to improvements even (!) in English domestic life. The American ideal may be wrong; the French ideal may be wrong; the German ideal may be wrong; and yet they may all contain elements of goodness that we might appropriate with gain to ourselves. And so of all other questions. As to small matters of dress and the like, the writer of this paper might ask himself the question—How should I have felt if I had seen the first umbrella hoisted? Or, if the writer is a lady, she may ask herself this question—What is my chief obstacle in getting my servants to do things properly? Is it not this?—"Oh, Mum; but I never saw it done in that way before."

OUR FEUILLETON.

A FRENCH COLUMBUS.

THERE are some men who have done good service in their time as essentially unknown to fame as there are others essentially famous, and among the former many of the most useful, if not the most enterprising, are to be found. One who may be considered to come under this category is John Ribault, who made the first attempt to found a French empire in the New World. Until 1562 there were no European settlements in that quarter of the globe north of Mexico or New Spain. Florida, or the Land of Flowers, was the general name given by the Spaniards to the whole of the continent north of that region. When the French, however, began to make voyages there, they called all the parts of Northern America visited by their navigators New France; but it was not till the reign of Charles IX. that any progress was made by them towards establishing a footing in the country. Then Admiral Coligni, one of the chiefs of the French Huguenots, and among the first to fall in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, made an experiment to effect a settlement in Brazil; but, failing in this, he obtained a patent from the King authorising him to fit out an expedition for Florida. The command of this enterprise was conferred upon John Ribault, who was born in Dieppe, and who sailed upon his mission on the 8th of February, 1562. After being buffeted about the Channel for several days he was compelled to put back to Brest, whence, however, he was soon enabled to resume his voyage, which, in two months and three days, he completed, in so far that he sighted what is now supposed to have been the island of Anastasia. Here, then, this second Columbus revelled in the enjoyment of his new discovery. He has bequeathed to us a description of the country in that animated and florid style which usually characterises the productions of our early voyagers and adventurers. Every fruit, herb, or tree that sprung from the prolific earth wore the guise of Elysium. Flowers of the most beautiful and gorgeous kind delighted the sight; perfumes of the most exquisite fragrance were wafted through the air. What would the artificial preparations of a Rowland or a Rimmel have been in comparison with the exhalations which arose from the flowers of Florida? A bed of poppies to a garden of roses! The Thames to the fountains of Pindus in point of purity and freshness! With souls dissolved in bliss after being exhausted by rapture, John Ribault and his crew "sailed on! viewed the coast all along, with unspeakable pleasure of the odorous smell and beauty of the same, and did behold, to and fro, the goodly order of the woods wherewith God had decked every way the said land." Happy voyagers that had such a country to describe, before it was polluted by the blood which the lust of gold and ambition subsequently poured out upon it! Ribault and his men were soon able to land on the bank of "a goodly and great river," six or eight fathoms deep.

An interchange of presents between our voyagers and a chief of the aborigines forthwith established friendly relations, and there is something beautifully touching in the kind of hospitality shown by the natives to these first European visitors of their country. They constructed bowers of the green branches of the bay-tree for them, in close proximity to their own dwellings, anticipated their wants by every means in their power, and exemplified their unfeigned delight by frequent demonstrations of joy. Their simplicity was as striking as their confidence was unaffected; whilst the description given of their appearance leads us to marvel at the great proficiency they had made in one of the most difficult of the fine arts. "The forepart of their bodies and arms," says Ribault, in his quaint and antique way, "be painted with pretty devised works of azure, red, and black, so well and so properly as the best painter of Europe could not amend it." Genius of Titian, didst thou read this in the record of thy French contemporary when thou wert deemed worthy, in the estimation of one great Emperor,* to be served by even a greater than he! But let us pass to the women, "who painted their bodies, too, with a certain herb, like unto moss, whereof the cedar-trees and all other trees are covered. The men, for pleasure, do always trim themselves therewith, after sundry fashions. They be of tawny colour, hawk noses, and of a pleasant countenance." Thus Ribault jumps from the men to the women, and then back again, to exhibit these tawny denizens of the woods, with the bark of their own bodies covered with perhaps the most extraordinary vestments that ever suggested themselves to the most grotesque imagination. These specimens of the American Mongoloid must, according to Latham, have been a tribe of the Algonkins. To Ribault, however, they were evidently admirable examples of their species; but, had he encountered, in this land of flowers, the fallen angels of Milton, even after they had been scorched and disfigured with walking over the "burning marl," we verily believe he would have seen something in them to extol, for all things that he beheld were in his eyes either majestic, pleasant, or lovely to look upon. The meadows were broad; the forests were grand, and were composed of trees of every description. The palm, the cypress, the cedar, and the bay were there to be seen arrayed in their most superb attire. "The highest and greatest," says the veracious chronicler already quoted, "with, also, the fairest vines in all the world, with grapes according, which, without art and without man's help or trimming, will grow to the tops of oaks and other trees that be of wonderful greatness and height." Mulberry-trees were there with fruit, both red and white, and bearing on their boughs "silkworms in marvellous number, and a great deal fairer and better than be our silkworms." In short, "it is a thing unspeakable to consider the things that be seen there, and shall be found more and more in this incomparable land, which, never yet broken with plough-irons, bringeth forth all things according to its first nature wherewith the eternal God endoweth it." But, notwithstanding the many-times multiplied temptations to remain in this happy land, Captain Ribault weighs anchor on the 3rd of May, and, sailing along the coast, arrives at a spacious harbour, which he enters and calls "Port Royal," a name which it still preserves on the map of South Carolina.

In accordance with the other objects found in this new hemisphere, Ribault declares the bay to be "one of the fairest and greatest havens in the world," and soon afterwards takes possession of the neighbouring country in the name of King Charles IX. of France. He next suggested the settlement of a colony. For this there was no lack of volunteers. Writing to his patron upon the subject, he says, "With such a good will and jolly courage did such a number offer themselves that we had much to do to stay their importunity, and mainly of our shipmasters and principal pilots, and such as we could not spare. Howbeit, we left there but to the number of thirty in all, gentlemen, soldiers, and mariners, and that at their own suit and prayer." Over these was placed Captain Albert de la Pierre, a soldier of long experience, and "the first, from the beginning, that did offer to tarry." A fort was next built, intrenched, and provisioned, now supposed to have stood on the eastern side of the island of Port Royal, and not far to the south of the present town of Beaufort. It was named Fort Charles, in honour of the King of France; when Ribault, having been so far successful in accomplishing the objects of his expedition, set sail for Dieppe, where, after an absence of five months, he arrived on the 20th of July.

The next appearance of Captain Ribault is as the commander of a small fleet, with which he again leaves Dieppe on the 22nd of May, 1565, three years after the departure of his former expedition for Florida. During the interval he has been "lying on his oars," as he himself might have expressed it, whilst one of his companions, of the name of Landonnière, has undertaken an expedition to the favoured land and established another colony on the banks of the River May, discovered by Ribault. The fate of this colony, as well as that of the first, was melancholy in the extreme. Great privations were endured by both. The members of that founded by Ribault abandoned the country in a vessel of their own con-

struction, caulked with moss, corded with the fibres of trees, and with sails formed of fragments of their own shirts stitched together. In this vessel of frail construction they risked themselves upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic. When they had put to sea hope buoyed up their expectations of once more beholding their fatherland. But they had miscalculated the uncertain nature of the winds, or, perhaps, had never thought of them in the eagerness of their desire to quit the new territory. Accordingly, these proving adverse, their stock of provisions, not very large from the first, was soon consumed. What was now to be done? Their shoes were devoured. Next, the leather jackets in which their bodies were wrapped fell a sacrifice to their voracity. Then whatever could be chewed and swallowed was subjected to that process, till even the eyes of famishing despair could see nothing more to alleviate the cravings of its appetite. Death now, by slowly-consuming degrees, stares them in the face. One of their number must forfeit his life to save the others. The sacrifice is made, and they manage to live for a time on the scanty supply with which the skin-and-bone remains of their victim furnish them. The survivors are subsequently picked up by an English vessel, and the weakest of them are landed on the nearest shore, whilst the others are sent to Queen Elizabeth, who is then meditating an expedition to the very region from which they have come, and which they were so happy to quit. The second colony was scarcely less unfortunate. It had been driven to its last shift for provisions, and was about to return to France in a vessel sold them by a Captain Hawkins, an English commander returning from Africa, and who had visited the coast in search of water, when the ships of John Ribault hove in sight approaching the land of flowers, which, in so far as the colonists were concerned, had proved rather too thickly strewn with thorns.

Shortly after Ribault had arrived on the coast, a Spanish fleet, under the command of one Menendez, a brave but unscrupulous man, made its appearance, and he determined to take possession of the country in the name of his Sovereign, King Philip. He was a Catholic, and to spread Catholicism and suppress heresy by every means in his power was one of the injunctions laid upon him when he was appointed to the command of his expedition. Ribault and his followers were Lutherans, and, as a matter of course, were, on that ground alone, legitimate objects for the vengeance of the Spaniards. Menendez landed his men on the coast and laid the foundation of the present town of St. Augustine, more than forty years earlier than that of any other town had been laid on the continent of America, north of Mexico. He erected a fort, marched his men against the French Fort Caroline, attacked it, and, out of 240 men, women, and children, massacred 142. The slaughter is said to have been indiscriminate. Some made their escape to the woods, and some were taken prisoners; these latter were hung upon trees, to which was attached this inscription—"Not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans."

Whilst this tragedy was enacting Ribault was out at sea, where he had been driven by stress of weather when sailing to meet and engage the ships of the Spaniards. After an absence of four or five days, his vessels were driven ashore and dashed to pieces, near Cape Canaveral, about one hundred miles to the south of St. Augustine. All his crews escaped save one man, who was drowned in attempting to float ashore on a broken mast. Ribault had now about 500 men with him, and, as he was ignorant of the fate of the colony at Fort Caroline, he divided them into two parties in order to make the best of their way thither. As the first party drew near to the Spaniards, a French officer was deputed to treat with Menendez for their lives; but, having no means of defending themselves, they were forced to trust to Spanish humanity and yield themselves up at discretion. "Seeing that they were Lutherans," says Mendoza, the Spanish chronicler of the Catholic expedition, "the General condemned them all to death; but, as I was a priest and had the bowels of a man, I besought him to accord to me the favour that he would not put to death those whom we should discover to be Christians. He granted my request. I made inquiry and found ten or twelve, whom we selected from the number. All the others were executed, because they were Lutherans—enemies of our Catholic faith." Verily, the "bowels" of this priest seem to have had but a very limited extent of compassion. In his estimation, the Christians (i.e., Catholics) alone were worthy to exist. The rest were heretics. Let them perish! Why should they be permitted to live, and move, and have their being, even in the wilderness to which many of them had transported themselves, as did the Protestant fathers of New England, to enjoy in peace of the religious tenets with which they were so deeply imbued?

Ribault and his party were betrayed into a surrender of their lives. Menendez pledged himself to spare them. This he did, not only in the most solemn form of words, but under his hand and seal in writing, confirmed by an oath. Ribault, however, and one of his favourite officers, named Ottigny, were first separated from their companions. The men were then bound by the arms, four together, back to back, and closely guarded. "Ribault and Ottigny," says an authority to whom we are indebted for these facts, "called to the Spanish General, reminding him of his promise and his oath, and beseeching him to spare the lives of defenceless men who had confided in his honour and had voluntarily put themselves in his power; but all in vain. Their prayers made no impression upon deaf ears and hearts of stone." The scene was soon closed. A soldier, by the order of the commander, plunged a dagger into the heart of Ribault, who fell, with Ottigny sharing in his fate and expiring with him. In a similar manner their adventurous followers were slaughtered; and, as if to justify their own treachery and atrocity, the Spaniards told them in their dying agonies that they were "Lutherans—enemies of God and the Virgin Mary."

Such was the fate of John Ribault, who, under the patronage of the Admiral Coligni, was the first to endeavour to lay the foundation of a French empire in the new world of North America.

A GOOD STORY FROM BRIGHTON.—Corps that have borne themselves best can best afford to furnish a story or two, even though the telling of it may be rather against themselves; and the London Scottish, that made so excellent a figure, and won such universal admiration and applause, will join in the laugh, which is founded on an assumption that not a few members are very "London" Scots. We cannot miss the little sketch of a London Scot who spoke of "Ackney as his dwelling-place, and also mentioned his connections at 'Oxtown.' To him, with wicked purpose of drawing out more London Scottishisms, a wag quietly said, "You wear that weed always, I suppose?" "What, you mean the 'ol'ly?" quoth he of 'Ackney-wick." "Oh, no! we have orders when 'to stick it in our caps.'" And then, after a grave pause, he added this surprising piece of information:—"The 'ighland company, you know, don't wear 'ol'ly in their 'ats; they wear 'ether.'"

AN IRISHMAN AND HIS WIVES.—On Saturday last, at the Liverpool Police Court, an Irish labouring man, named Patrick Sampey, was brought in custody before Mr. Baffles, on the charge of bigamy; but it appeared from the prisoner's own statement that he had committed the still more aggravated offence of polygamy. Two of the wives were in court. James Moffatt, a man living at Walsall, in Staffordshire, deposed that the prisoner, on the 28th of March, 1859, was married to his sister Ann, at St. Mathew's parish church, Walsall. He represented himself as a widower. Prisoner left his sister, and went away, a fortnight after he had been married. Catherine Kaveney deposed that she was married to the prisoner on the 8th of April, 1861, at St. Nicholas's Roman Catholic Chapel, in this town. He represented himself as a single man. She had four children by him, and he was a very good husband. Police-officer 429 stated that the prisoner was given into his custody on the 9th inst., charged by his wife with having married another woman. The prisoner he said he had four wives, but he had been only married to two legally. The prisoner said he wished to make a statement about the matter. He said he had been married when he was fourteen years of age, and he was now thirty-three. He was married to Mary Colon, and went off to Congleton, and who "lived on the side of the top of a hill." He was married by Father McDonough at Teelore, county Roscommon, Ireland. Mr. Baffles—"Do you mean to say any priest would marry you at that age?" Prisoner—"I don't know, Sir; but they would me so." Mr. Baffles—"Do you mean to say that the sister of that man is your first wife?" Prisoner—"I dare say she is. I could not live with her. There was nothing bad enough she could not bear upon my head. I left her in a state in which I was unfit to work, and I went into the workhouse. When I came out I thought it would be better to have a wife, thinking she would never come after me. It was a lion's den for me to be with her. It is not money nor fortune I got by any of them." The prisoner was remanded, for inquiry into the truth of his statements.

THE BURNING OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE have already given an account of the terrible conflagration which, a few weeks ago, created such terror in Galata and the whole of Constantinople. Our present Engraving represents one of the most painful circumstances of the calamity, and we have received some additional particulars in relation to the event to which it refers.

The fire, it will be remembered, originated in a wooden building attached to the Convent of Providence, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Saint Benet, at Galata, and rapidly communicated to the convent itself, destroying the whole of the inflammable portion of the building. Amidst all the terror which the scene caused amongst the numerous community of St. Benet, the sisters devoted themselves with admirable courage to the rescue of the infants in the orphan asylum, which was quickly menaced by the flames; and, half suffocated as they were with the smoke, rushed from their dormitories and, entering the orphanage, bore many of the children in their arms through the flames. The sailors from the ship Ajaccio rendered the good service which has already been recorded to their praise, and, almost at the moment that the asylum was last visited by those who made these efforts, the solid stone façade which buried so many people in its ruins fell crashing into the street, where, for days afterwards, bodies were exhumed and people were anxiously waiting to see whether their own relatives were amongst those who were crushed to death in the crowd of victims.

The orphanage, around which the flames were lapping almost before anything could be done to stay their progress, was a great stone building of four stories, and containing about 160 children, at that time asleep in their dormitories. So rapid was the progress of the fire, that the main staircase was half consumed before the Sisters of Charity rushed to their assistance; and, but for a second staircase, which M^{me}. Lecœur, the la's lady superior, had had constructed only a short time before her death, nearly all the poor little creatures must have perished.

Awakened suddenly from their sleep, they had only just time to run half naked into the yard of the convent by the only means of egress open to them, and they were immediately taken to the French hospital at the other extremity of the town. It was a dreadful scene—the poor, frightened, half naked, and shoeless children walking, on a freezing night, through the streets. The almost immediate falling of the wall added to the horrors of that night; and it is said that four of the orphans are missing. Our Engraving represents the orphanage at the time the flames had fully reached it, and when the sisters were leading the little creatures through the streets, while the mere infants of the community were being carried in the arms of some of the sailors from the burning ruins. The steps on the right are those leading to the Convent of the Lazarist Fathers whence the crowds of people came after having saved such property as could be readily secured. The touloumbadjee—who, with their pumps on their shoulders, run to the scene of the disaster, and are the firemen of Constantinople—did good service; and the officer who directed the proceedings was ready to do the best which circumstances permitted; but the fall of the wall seemed to strike terror to the hearts of the spectators, and it was a long time before any very active operations could be resumed. The officers and soldiers of artillery, however, behaved with admirable courage, and some of them were killed, while Schahli Pacha himself was wounded. The whole of the buildings of the convent and orphanage were entirely destroyed. Subscriptions have been opened in aid of the sufferers and for the reinstitution of the establishment of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Benet, the French Ambassador having headed the list with a handsome donation, and his example having been followed by the Viceroy of Egypt, the Masonic Lodge Italiana, and the high Government officials.

FLOGGING JUDAS.—A custom, prevalent in Portugal, of flogging on the Saturday of Holy Week an effigy of Judas, was witnessed on board a ship from that country lying in the port of Havre. Persons passing along the quay early in the morning were surprised to see what appeared to be a human figure suspended from the rigging, and supposed that one of the seamen had hanged himself. However, at about half-past ten, at the moment when the church bells were set in motion, the effigy was lowered, and the crew, armed with sticks, commenced beating the unfortunate dummy, and continued until the figure had lost its head, arms, and legs, when, as a final punishment, it was thrown into the water, the police regulations not allowing it to be burnt at the stake, as is usual in Portugal.

AN ANNAMITE HOUSE ON THE RIVER SAIGON.

WE have on several occasions published illustrations descriptive of the habits and customs of the singular people who inhabit the empire of Annam, commonly known as Cochinchina, and of the progress of the French representatives there. Our Engraving this week is taken from a sketch of one of those houses of the people, who live mostly on the banks of one or other of the great rivers which are, in fact, the highways of that remarkable country.

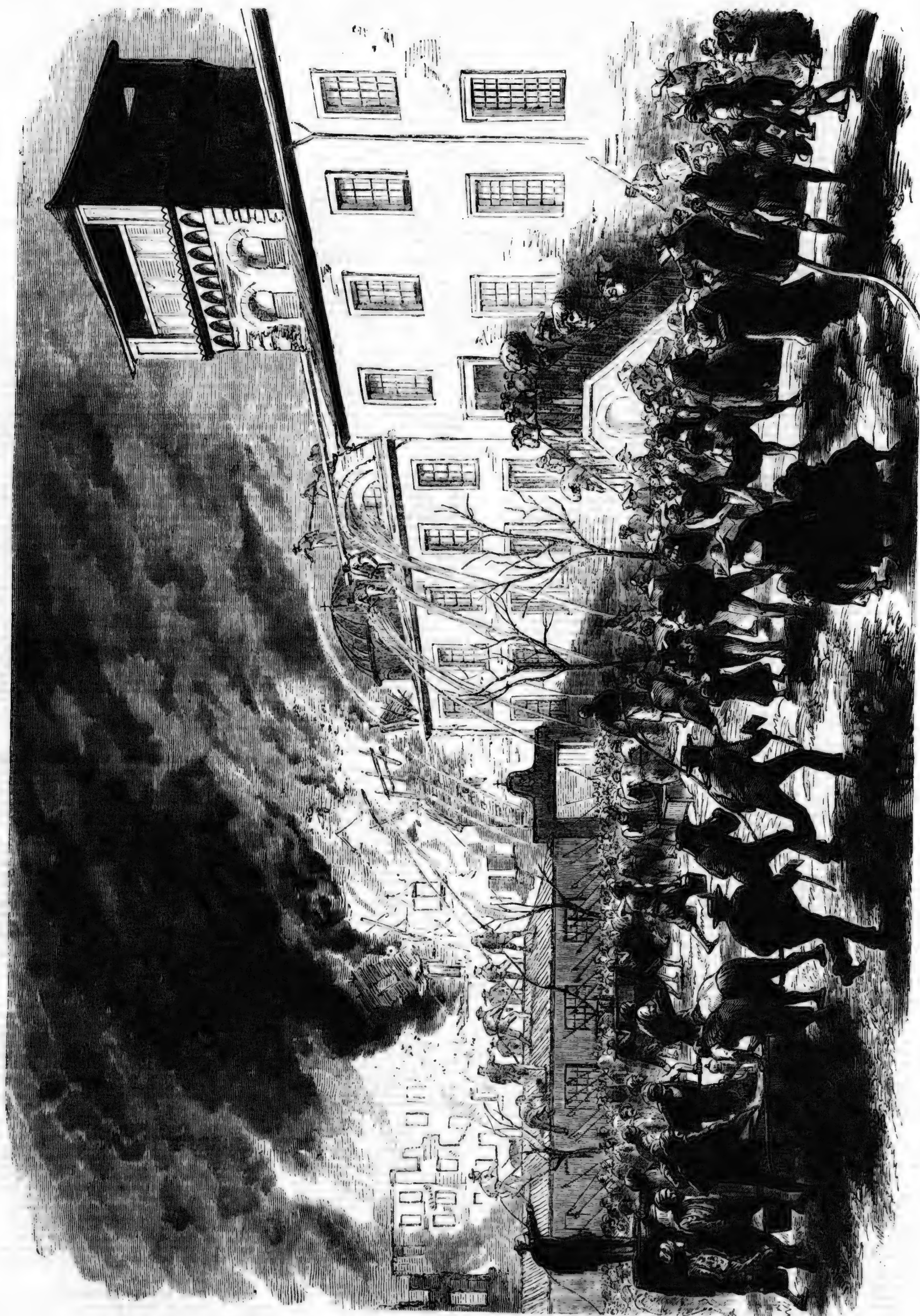
The empire of Annam, with its area of 98,000 square miles and its 6,000,000 of inhabitants, is divided into Annam proper, which is the middle district; Tonquin on the north, and Camboja on the south, the latter consisting of low, alluvial tracts of great fertility, and the former being generally mountainous, with valleys of considerable extent. The fine rivers, which are navigable for a great distance, supply the place of roads, and nearly all the principal towns may be reached by water, especially as these streams are connected by large inland canals. This being the case, and both rivers and seacoast abounding with fish, it is scarcely surprising that a large proportion of the population should live upon the banks of the streams, which are the highways of all their commerce, and where, beside the trade in junk-building, they convey the dyewoods, spices, gums, rice, sugar, maize, cotton, silk, and lacquered ware to the various entrepôts.

The house represented in our Illustration is a very good example of those strange, birdcage-looking huts which, in such a climate, serve as dwellings sufficiently commodious for Annamite families. It is one of the more secluded of those river habitations belonging to one of the pilots, each of whom, with his family, occupies a similar mansion; his possessions consisting chiefly of several pirogues, which are a sort of long, narrow canoe-like boat, easily managed, and serving for passengers as well as the transport of merchandise, the steering being effected by an oar fastened to a peg by a strip of bamboo. Those vessels intended for long journeys are provided with an awning, beneath which the traveller may sleep as comfortably as though he were in the open hut which is the pilot's dwelling, sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun. A voyage down the Saigon is one of the most picturesque journeys in the world; for not only are the women of Cochinchina the handsomest and most graceful of any of their Eastern sisterhood, but their costumes are often very effective, and all along the banks of this great river stand these light structures of houses, perched on their high stages and shaded by the great cool fronds of the spreading trees upon the shore. At mid-day, when everything is quiet except the monotonous plash and ripple of the water, the traveller may see, in the interiors of these dwellings, the quaint domestic implements hanging on the walls, and, stretched from post to post, the light, cool hammocks in which the inmates take their siesta, shaded only by the bamboo screens which come up half way between the supports of the roof and form ventilating walls, through which the burning rays of the sun do not penetrate.

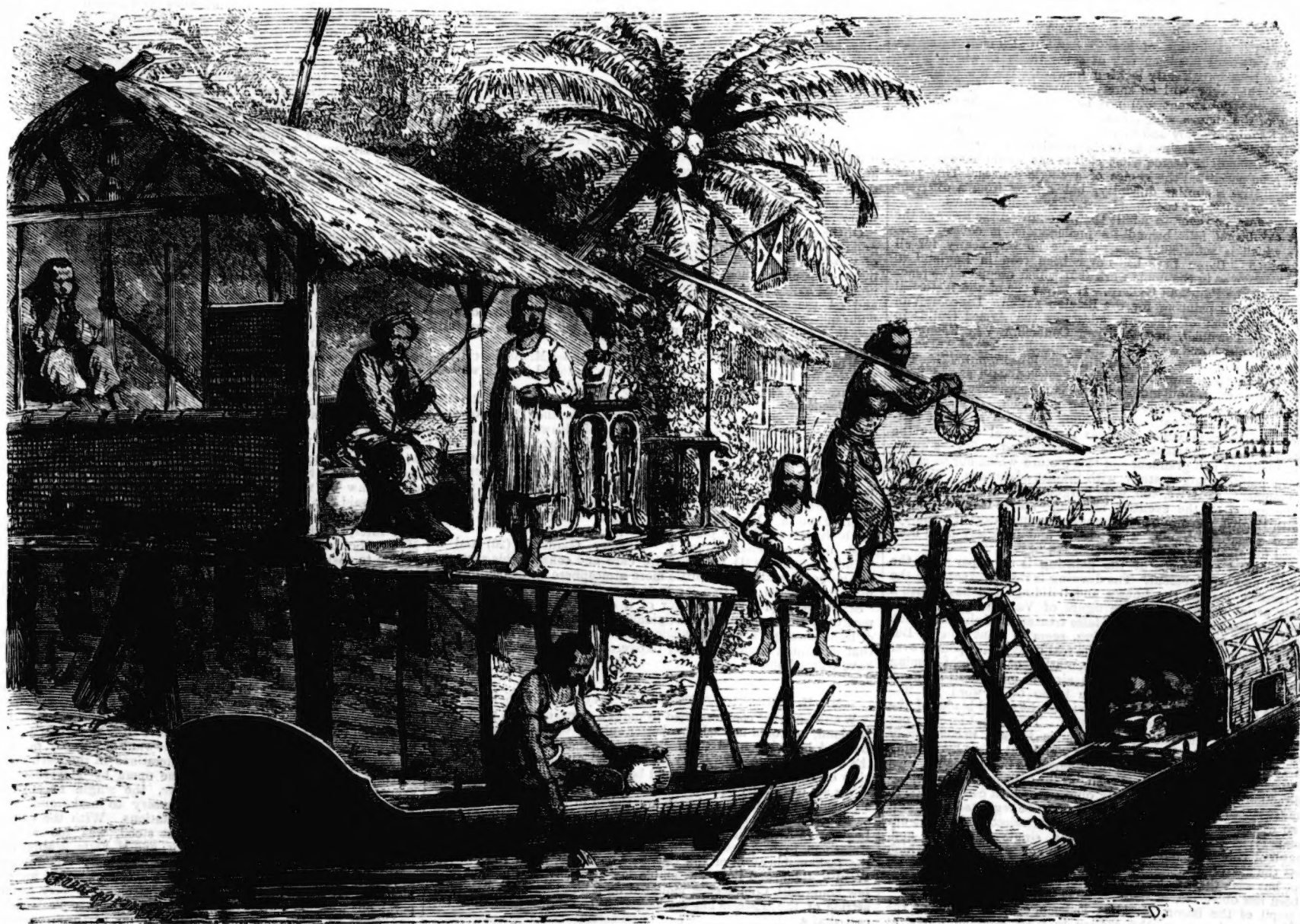
THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

ALTHOUGH affairs in Mexico are reported to be progressing favourably, and there can be little doubt that the success of the French and the Imperial forces have been almost everywhere established, there still remains much work to do. The confirmation of the capture of Ojaca has done much to remove the bad impression which existed even in Paris regarding the later vents of the Mexican campaign; but the fact remains that

* Titian one day let fall his brush in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, who picked it up and presented it to him, with the fine compliment that "Titian was worthy to be served even by Caesar."



DESTRUCTION OF ST. BENET'S ORPHAN ASYLUM AT CONSTANTINOPLE BY FIRE.



AN ANNAMITE HOUSE ON THE RIVER SAIGON, COCHIN-CHINA.

numbers of private letters had made known events which were concealed by the Government—reverses of comparatively little importance, but which, being concealed, caused people to think that matters were worse than had been supposed. One of these reports was the destruction of a company of chasseurs by Mexican guerrillas, who cut them off before Mazatlan. It afterwards transpired that the first of two columns arrived at Mazatlan from Durango, and commenced storming the Espinozo del Diablo, where the Juarists had thrown up some works, which were quickly destroyed, together with sixty or eighty of the enemy. A second column arrived at Veranos, about forty miles from Mazatlan, without being attacked; but in one night 150 mules

were carried off, upon which General Castagny, who was in command, left a company of chasseurs to watch the baggage, which could not, of course, be transported till the arrival of fresh mules from Mazatlan. The first night 800 Mexicans attacked the company, only ten men of which escaped. On receiving intelligence of this, the General returned with his column, and, being convinced that the inhabitants of the village were in league with the guerrillas, gave them due notice, and afterwards destroyed their houses.

This will give some idea of the difficulty of contending with those small irregular forces of Mexicans which prolong the war without any satisfactory result, and which are so difficult to suppress. Our Engraving represents another of those skirmishes, in which a gallant

French officer was killed by the Juarists, in a battle at Jiquilpam. In the rapid charge made by the Zouaves during the first attack upon the troops of Ortega, Lieutenant Rondet Corneille was struck in the breast while in the very act of leading on his men. The gallant fellows rescued their commander, and, after the engagement, he was sent to Guadalajara, but two days afterwards sunk under the effects of his wounds, and was followed to the grave by all the officers, with the General at their head, and amidst the deep regret of his companions in arms. Jules Rondet Corneille was only twenty-two years old, and went out fresh from his recollections of St. Cyr, hoping to win a reputation in Mexico as an officer of the 1st Zouaves.



DEATH OF LIEUT. CORNEILLE, IN THE ATTACK ON JIQUILPAM, MEXICO.

FINE ARTS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THE twelfth exhibition of French and Flemish pictures at the gallery in Pall-mall has been one of those treats to which lovers of art have been impatiently looking forward. We are compelled to confess that they will be sorely disappointed. And, what is worse, the disappointment will not be felt because the catalogue lacks any of the names which have hitherto made a visit to the gallery a delight to enjoy and to remember. The great artists are here, but their works are not up to the usual high standard. Last year it was difficult to decide what picture one would have selected had one been permitted the choice of a single canvas. This year there would be a similar difficulty, but arising from a different cause—the paucity, not the abundance, of excellent pictures.

It is but fair, however, to admit that, though on the average the present exhibition falls behind its predecessors, it contains one picture which is sufficiently fine to make up very nearly for all shortcomings. Baron Leys has never been seen in England to such advantage as in the noble work (90) which occupies the place of honour in the Pall-mall Gallery. It forms one of the historical series which he is painting for the Belgian nation. Lancelot Van Ussel, Burgomaster of Antwerp, addresses the Armed Guilds in front of the Townhall, invests Town Councillor Van Spanghen with the command, and confides to their care the safety of Antwerp, attacked by the Guelders under Martin Van Rossem, in 1542. The scene is laid in the square of the city, crowded with armed men. The Burgomaster, without more gesture than is necessary in addressing so large an assemblage, is making a speech, to which Van Spanghen listens with earnest attention, and with an air of self-reliance and courage which justifies the approval given by the populace to his appointment. There is a convincing reality—a quiet, unforced nobility and grandeur—in this picture which our so-called historical painters might study with infinite advantage. We feel, for the moment, as if we, too, were burghers of Antwerp mingling with the crowd on the eventful morning—not, as is too often the case with English pictures of similar subjects, spectators of a rudely-rehearsed sensation drama, where taste and propriety have been sacrificed for glare and exaggeration.

The technical excellence of the painting is on a par with the conception and arrangement. The drawing is rigidly exact, and the crowd recedes, just as the houses and buildings fall back, with a masterly aerial perspective. The figure of Van Spanghen may at first, to eyes too accustomed to the false treatment of shadow which is the fruit of studio-nature painting, seem to want relief. But when the organ has become used to the real light of day poured over the picture, the fidelity of the representation of the light coming from all sides, as it does in the open air, will make itself acknowledged. The optical illusion—there is no other word for it—observable in the marvellous relief given to the sword blades of the burghers is unrivalled in our recollection. They stand forcibly out from the canvas, and the spectator finds himself unconsciously trying to discover whether they really stand out or no by bending down to test them by that law of perspective in accordance with which near objects, as compared with distant ones, move in an opposite direction to the eye. The only objection which can be made to this masterpiece is one which is the more to be regretted because it was so easily to be avoided. M. Leys has selected the most unpleasant types for his heads without a single exception, and, although of course we admire the stern integrity of purpose which refuses the aid of idealised beauty and barber-shop manliness, we cannot but wish that the common-place, almost degraded, character had been less obtrusive.

A pupil of the Baron, M. Alma-Tadema, contributes one of the most striking pictures in the gallery in "An Evening Party at Nineveh" (1), which is badly hung, so that the bounding figure of the chief dancing girl loses much of its relief. A most careful painting of accessories, clever grouping, and a charming effect of hot sunshine without, revealed in one corner of the canvas, make this a remarkable painting. "The Presents" (3), by the same artist, is also good, but the "Egyptian Game" (2), is a little unequal, the painting of the female figure being hard and harsh.

M. Gerome's "Muezzin calling the Hour of Prayer" (55), though a fine work, is by no means comparable with his "Nile Boat" of last year. Yet it is a marvellous piece of painting. The reflected light on the darkened side of the minaret is wonderfully realised; but has not the artist forgotten to be correct in the drawing of the railing at the top? A very fine picture, technically speaking, is M. Koller's "Faust and Marguerite" (73), though it is by no means a happy conception of the subject. How charming are the passages of shadow, the little gleam of light in the mid-distance, and the rendering of the old church porch! Very charming, too, is the figure of Marguerite; while the drawing of the drapery of Mephistopheles is most satisfying, and the harmony of colours in Faust's dress—the treatment of the fur and the exquisite brown velvet—leaves nothing to be desired.

The two pictures exhibited by M. Gallait, though marked by his usual skill and mastery of his materials, are still more strongly marked by his faults. They are melodramatic, and lack real human interest. M. E. Frère is another friend who fails us this year. "Good-morning, Baby" (46) is unworthy of him, and "Bedtime" (47), though very pleasing, is not distinguished by such peculiar merit as we expect to find in his works.

Mdme. Henriette Browne also falls below the average with her "Turkish Girl" (22); and M. Plassan, in his "Ladies Arranging and Tending Flowers" (114, 115), and still more in "Maternal Affection" (113), displays faults of colouring in the flesh-tints which have hitherto been less obtrusive in his work.

The Chevalier Baugnet's "Lost Sheep" (5) is a clever picture, in which he has avoided overdoing the sentiment of a tempting situation. A poor girl, in all the finery which tells too plainly its story of heartless display, has returned home to her fond mother, and the innocent little sister who stares in bewildered sorrow at her grief and her grandeur. "Loved and Lost" (143), by M. Van Hove, is a fine painting, representing a Flemish mother rowing her two daughters to the cemetery where the good man lies asleep. His other contribution is less satisfactory, unless it be an intentional affectation of the mannerism of the old Dutch school—a mere *tour de force*, not a choice of style.

Of the two pictures by M. Heilbruth, in which he has given us what we may call miniatures from life of the doings of Church dignitaries at Rome, though both are good, we decide in favour of "The Meeting on Mount Pincio" (57), in which the humour that drew the figures of the servants, wearied of dignity and display, is almost Hogarthian. M. Meissonier is represented by three little pictures, painted with his usual minute splendour of colouring. "The Guitar-player" (105) strikes us as less happy than usual—indeed, we should be sorry to pronounce the two card-playing groups good specimens of his style. M. Ruizperez, the pupil, does not take advantage of his master's failure, but generously falls back to maintain his accustomed respectful distance. In M. Duverger's "Hidden Treasure" (34) there are some capital figures and fine heads, the old man, the central figure of the group, being the least to our liking. "The Cat's Portrait" (35) is a pleasant little picture enough. M. Israel's "Moment's Rest" (63) is not favourably hung, but seems painted with his customary power and in his peculiar tone of colour. M. Layre (another pupil of M. Leys) does less credit to his master's teaching than M. Alma-Tadema, but yet gives us some fine work in his "Marguerite in the Chapel of our Lady of Sorrow" (76), though we cannot help wishing that he had placed the figure in such a pose as to remind us less of Sir Richard Widdington's calamity at Chevy Chase. M. Lie's "Children Playing by the Riverside" (98) is very unequal. His "Netherland Protestants" (97) is, perhaps, better balanced in power. M. Fichel's "Bonaparte" (40) must not fail of a word of praise for care and a felicitous conception of the great mind's restless concentration.

We cannot afford space to do more than draw attention to M. Soyer's "Knitting Lesson" (132) and "Feeding Baby" (133); to M. Le Poittevin's "Beaching the Barque" (89), questioning, in

passing, the correctness of the very distinct outline of the cloud-shadow on the roof; to M. Gerard's "Cradle" (53); and to M. Thom's clever pictures, from which it is not easy to select any one for particular mention. M. Trayer has two pictures of Babies (139, 140), which will not be overlooked by those who can appreciate clever painting, or by mammas who can appreciate pretty babies.

M. Theodore Frère is represented by two very good Eastern subjects (48, 49). M. Willems's "Convalescent" (163) is noticeable for some excellent painting of satin, but the pose of the female figure is a hackneyed one. M. Laugée's "Gleaners" (88) will hardly add to his reputation, any more than M. Moreau's incorrectly-drawn "Washerwoman" (108) is calculated to increase his. M. Blass's two historical portraits might have been painted by Mr. Ward or one of the English school; and M. Gleyre's "Hercules and Omphale" could not, for, bad as it is, it shows some knowledge of academical study.

Of the gifted family of Bonheur we have two representatives—the great Rosa and her sister Juliette. The former's work is a painting of "Deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau" (17). Let the spectator by no means fail to notice how the cloudless azure of the zenith is indicated by the blue reflections in the shadows on the deer's heads and on the stone. Charming little idylls are Mdle. Juliette's "Sheep—and Fowls—in a landscape" (14, 15). The figure of the dog in "The Mother" (16) is unsatisfactory, but the pups are full of character.

A magnificent fruit and flower piece (119), by M. Robie, claims mention for higher merit than is usually to be found in such works. The roses and raspberries are splendidly painted.

In landscape the gallery is not rich, but is—perhaps on that very account—rather strong. M. Daubigny's "On the Banks of the Seine" (32) is a pleasing composition. M. Kuwasseg's "Flam-borough Head" (74)—placed at a most unfair height, far above our heads—is an earnest study of rocky and broken ground. The two landscapes (79, 80) by M. Lamoriniere, are exceedingly clever, but we should like to see how he would paint some other atmospheric effect than the dull day he appears so much to delight in. M. Lambinet's "Near Bougival" (77) and "On the Thames" (78) are both worthy of high praise.

M. de Braeckeler paints a "Nursery Garden" (20) and a "Tailor's Shop" (21) with infinite care and considerable success; but we could wish to see a little more atmosphere in his pictures: a little haze would add immensely to the effect of his work. In his "St. Jacques" (18)—the interior of a cathedral frequented, apparently, by the most unlovely religionists—he has given us the effect of light through a stained window on a dull day so very cleverly that we cannot doubt his ability to overcome the little drawback we have pointed out.

MR. H. BARRAUD'S PICTURE OF "HYDE PARK IN 1864."

WERE an artist commissioned to paint a representative picture of England, he could not select a better subject than that which Mr. Barraud has chosen. Rotten Row, in the height of the season, in the afternoon of a sunny day, is the best and most characteristic view of English society that could be given.

We are essentially equestrians. No other people would describe a pursuit in which life and limb are risked in following the hounds as "sport." In no other nation would the grave deliberations of the Legislative Assemblies be suspended in order to allow peer and statesman to be present at the Derby. In no other nation would the fashionable event of the day be a canter on a tan road, where Wealth, Rank, and Beauty assemble day after day, and mingle for a few hours with Competence mounted on a hired hack, and Poverty astride of the business nag emancipated for a brief space from the cart-shafts.

The throne of fashion in Eng'land is the pigskin. A riding-habit is one of those things "without which no lady's wardrobe is complete;" and in the catalogue of the distinguishing characteristics of our great men we never omit the figure he makes across country. "An excellent speaker, with a clear, logical mind, an even temper, and a capital seat, and who only rides so many stones," is the invariable wind-up of such an enumeration of virtues. Political opponents of our veteran Premier forgive him much when they see him cantering down Piccadilly on that noted white charger of his. How many feuds have been patched up at the covert-side; and how often have estrangements been brought to an abrupt end by the simultaneous "spill" of the parties to them into the same ditch!

We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Barraud's picture has achieved considerable success already, and that the subscription-list for the engraving is a lengthy one. The subject appeals warmly to the sympathies of Englishmen, and its treatment is at once truthful and telling. What could an artist desire more than to paint such a scene, where famous men, lovely women, and matchless horses most do congregate? The chief feature of Mr. Barraud's picture is a group consisting of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duke of Cambridge. Her Royal Highness is gracefully acknowledging the salutations of a number of noblemen and gentlemen to whom the Princes are also bowing a recognition. The Premier, on his well-known white horse, meets the Royal party and uncovers, as does also Lord Granville.

But it would be impossible to enumerate the number of portraits—upwards of 220—which make this clever picture so interesting. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Llanover, Lord Yarborough, Sir Robert Peel, and Colonel North, form a group that fills one portion of the foreground. With them is to be seen a rosy, round-faced, jovial gentleman, who looks like a country squire, but whom the frequenters of the Row will recognise as Mr. J. T. Delane, the moving spirit of the *Times*. A little further off the Earl of Cardigan, on his Balacava charger Ronald, canters by, accompanied by Lady Cardigan; near him the always-recognisable grey locks of another Crimean hero—Colonel Macdonald—attract the eye, in close proximity to General Lawrenson and Lord Mountcharles. The Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Powerscourt, Earl Jocelyn, and the Royal suite, consisting of Majors Teesdale and Cowell, Colonel Keppel, and Captain Grey, occupy another part of the canvas, where also will be seen the dreaded Jacob Omnium, not now wielding that potent pen of his, but riding with his fine children, mounted on their piebald ponies. Here, too, is seen—what will never more be seen in the Park—the soldierly figure of that splendid veteran, Lord Combermere, "dressed to perfection and mounted beyond his years," as says the *Times*, in a passage felicitously quoted by Mr. Barraud in a very pleasantly chatty key to what we can most fittingly describe as his "historical picture."

We did not need Mr. Barraud's assurance, conveyed in this key, that he has been fortunate enough to obtain sittings from the notabilities whom he has so capably painted. The likenesses are in all cases so faithful, so characteristic and original, as to stamp them at once as careful and conscientious portraits. The likeness of Lord Palmerston is, without exception, the best we remember to have seen. But, indeed, the resemblances, the felicitous choice of attitude, and the peculiarly fortunate hitting-off of well-known characteristics of dress or manner, are in all instances so excellent that we should hesitate to name any one with especial prominence. In the case of the Premier, however, portraits are so numerous and so bad that we are really grateful to a painter who takes the trouble to limn the wonderful old chief in his habit as he lives.

Beside the notabilities we have mentioned, visitors to Mr. Barraud's gallery (230, Regent-street) will recognise portraits of Lord A. Paget, Lord Southampton, the Earl of Sefton, the Duke of Richmond, Colonel Dixon, Captain Burton, the late Sir William Cockington, Lord Ranelagh, Mrs. Jones (of Pantglas), Sir A. Gordon Cumming, Colonel Astley, Mr. Du Cane, the Hon. F. Byng, Sir F. G. Moon, Mr. Petre, Earl Annesley, Earl Bective, Lord Colville, Lady Edith Hastings, Colonel Somerset, Mr. Musters, the Right Hon. Cecil Forester, Le Marquis Caumont de la Force, Mr. Holford, M. Souboroff, Lord Elcho, Sir Claude Scott, Sir John Kaye, Lord Grosvenor, the Marquis of Ailesbury, Lady Antrim, Captain Eustace, and General Ramsay.

Mr. Barraud has selected early spring for the time of his picture, when, even in London, the trees wear a fresh green livery and the

grass has not yet gone into mourning. The point of sight gives almost a birdseye view of the upper end of the Row, looking across to the arch, the coup-d'œil thus afforded giving ample scope for the numerous figures without unnecessary crowding. We may add that most of the horses in the picture are portraits; and that the visitors to the gallery, who, we venture to prophesy, will be very numerous, will no doubt recognise the faces of the dapper grooms, almost as well known in the Row as those of their masters.

In the same gallery are exhibited two pictures which would be sure to attract notice even were not their larger and more pretentious companion on view. One is a picture of Lord Palmerston, with the old horse, riding away from the House; the other, that of Lord Combermere, cantering into the park through the arch on a spirited bay, with that good-tempered, manly smile which so many used to rejoice to see and so many grieve to miss.

THE OPERA.

THE opening of Her Majesty's Theatre is postponed until next Saturday. At the Royal Italian Opera Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" is to be performed to-night, for the first time this season, with Mdle. Bianchi, one of Mr. Gye's numerous sopranos, in the part of the heroine.

If people do not take an interest in Meyerbeer's "Africaine," now on the point of being produced, it will not be for want of preliminary talk on the subject. The French papers are full of all sorts of gossip concerning the music, the libretto, and, above all, the scenery. The names of two ladies have been frequently mentioned in connection with the work; and, according to popular belief, matters of business are not made to progress more smoothly or more rapidly by ladies' interference. Mdme. Scribe's exacting disposition has been shown more than once since her husband's death. *He* seems to have been an easy man enough to deal with; but his widow knows too well what dignity belongs to the relic of a successful writer. She appears, also, to have made a profound study of the law by which the rights of dramatic authors are defined, and is said to claim to the uttermost farthing all that she can prove herself entitled to under that law, according to her own interpretation of it. Some of our readers will remember that Mdme. Scribe, not long ago, took the director of the Théâtre Italien to task for playing "La Sonnambula" without her permission—"La Sonnambula" being founded on M. Scribe's vaudeville of "La Sonnambula." Now she prefers various claims in respect to "L'Africaine," and the right of representing it at home and abroad, which M. Scribe, it is believed, would never have made.

As to Mdme. Meyerbeer, the other lady who is naturally deeply interested in the production of "L'Africaine," all the gossip-mongers have to say against her is that she objects to certain cuttings made by M. Fétis in her husband's score. M. Faure is reported to have made himself the organ of Mdme. Meyerbeer's complaints, and to have done so more readily inasmuch as among the pieces excised by the sacrilegious Fétis was an air for M. Faure himself. We cannot, for our part, believe that Meyerbeer's musical executor has had the want of taste—the want of decency, one might almost say—to make unnecessary alterations in the work confided to his care. There is scarcely one opera by Meyerbeer, however—"Dinorah" being, we believe, the single exception—in which it has not been found necessary to make omissions of some kind after the first few representations. With the exception of "Dinorah," which, as it at first stood, was too short, all Meyerbeer's operas have been too long; and M. Fétis, in abbreviating "L'Africaine" here and there, is doubtless only doing what he believes Meyerbeer, on hearing the work executed, would have done himself. M. Faure has, in technical phraseology, a very "strong" part; but what part was ever quite strong enough to please a singer, and what singer would not complain if, out of the strongest part ever given to him or her, a few phrases were cut out? Of course, Patti would not, nor Mario, nor a few other vocalists, among whom M. Faure, perhaps, may be numbered. Nevertheless, we cannot help fancying, when a singer and a composer are at variance on the subject of a part, that the singer must be in the wrong. We must add, too, that, if some of the French journals declare Mdme. Meyerbeer to be annoyed at the liberties taken by M. Fétis with the score of "L'Africaine," others maintain that she is quite contented with the changes and compressions that he has thought it necessary to make. One thing is certain, that she is delighted with the execution of the music, and that, at the last rehearsal, she expressed her satisfaction to the conductor and the principal singers.

We wonder whether an opera was ever brought out before under the superintendence of the widow of the librettist and the widow of the composer? for both Mdme. Scribe and Mdme. Meyerbeer go to the rehearsals and have, legally, a right to see that full justice is done to this doubly posthumous work. Thus, they are entitled to require that the ship, which is the great scenic attraction of the third act, shall be properly rigged, and, when the time comes for its destruction, properly wrecked. At present the ship is the only personage in the piece whose performances still leave something to be desired. She is about half an hour getting on to the stage, and it takes nearly three quarters of an hour to get her off again. Under these circumstances, and unless she can be made to move a little faster, she stands a fair chance of being hissed by an impatient public. She is felt to be a nuisance at the present moment, for it is she alone who delays the production of the opera. The numerous visitors now in Paris hoped, no doubt, that it would be brought out in the course of the present holiday week, and thousands of visitors in no way connected with Parliament, must also be confounding the ship about which so much fuss is made as though she carried Meyerbeer *et* Fortunatus *quis*.

Not only have there been some changes in the music, not only are changes required in the nautical department of the piece, but one of the principal singers before the opera is brought out will, in all probability, be obliged to change her name. M. Adolphe Sax, the well-known inventor and manufacturer of saxhorns, has discovered that the so-called Mdle. Sax was born "Sasse," and has forbidden her to assume a name which he reserves exclusively for himself, his family, and his musical instruments—a family in themselves. Why M. Adolphe Sax objects to the adoption of his name by the distinguished vocalist to whom Meyerbeer himself assigned the principal part in "L'Africaine," has not been explained; but her merits as a singer have, of course, nothing to do with it.

All the places have been taken for the three first representations of "L'Africaine." It is a pity the theatre cannot be enlarged. As it is, the public already find it difficult to get places for the fourth and fifth representations, except, indeed, at the most exorbitant prices, the tickets having all found their way into the hands of speculators. Stalls for the first performance cannot be purchased, and even five hundred francs are said to have been offered for and refused.

MR. COBDEN ON MINORITY REPRESENTATION. — Mr. Cobden's latest views on reform—especially the representation of minorities—are contained in a letter, dated March 22, addressed by him to Mr. Potter, now member for Rochdale.—"After the best attention to the proposed representation of minorities which I can give it," says Mr. Cobden, "I am so stupid as to fail to see its merits. Mr. Mill speaks of 50,000 electors having to elect five members, and that 30,000 may elect them all; and, to obviate this, he would give the 20,000 minority two votes. But I would give only one vote to each elector, and one representative to each constituency. Instead of the 50,000 returning five in a lump, I would have five constituencies of 10,000, each returning one member. Thus, if the metropolis, for example, were entitled, with a fair distribution of electoral power, to forty votes, I would divide it into forty districts or wards, each to return one member; and in this way every class and every variety of opinion would have a chance of a fair representation. Belgrave, Marylebone, St. James's, St. Giles's, Whitechapel, Spitalfields, &c., would each and all have their members. I don't know any better plan for giving all opinions a chance of being heard; and, after all, it is opinions that are to be represented. If the minority have a faith that their opinions, and not those of the majority, are the true ones, then let them agitate and discuss until their principles are in the ascendant. This is the motive for political action and the healthy agitation of public life. I do not like to recognise the necessity of dealing with the working men as a class in an extension of the franchise. The small shopkeeper and the artisan of towns are socially on a level."

LAW AND CRIME.

PELIZIONI, but a few weeks since lying under sentence in the condemned cell at Newgate, has been pardoned and set at liberty. In many respects his case is one of the most curious among English criminal trials. He has, in fact, been three times tried. Once, when he was found guilty of murder; a second time, vicariously, when Gregorio Moggi was tried, on his own confession, for the same homicide; and, lastly, upon a charge of having stabbed some one else evidently wounded by the same hand as that which killed Harrington. The verdict of acquittal was hailed with loud applause from the auditory. At this fact a great contemporary appears somewhat amazed, seeing in the whole matter nothing but a question as to whether one or another of two foreign ruffians, concerned in a common brawl, had stricken one or more special blows with an armed hand. But popular instincts are by no means unfrequently right. The public, as represented by the crowd at the Old Bailey, saw something more than even the removal of a noose unjustly placed around the neck of a fellow-man. They perceived, as did the jury, that of two sides of a story one only had been presented on the trial at which the prisoner had been sentenced to die, and upon which the Judge, Mr. Baron Martin, had uttered the memorable words, "If I could be certain of anything in this world, it would be that Pelizioni committed this murder, and that Gregorio did not." It is not the fault of this excellent Judge that he is shown to have been wrong, nevertheless. It is the fault of the very nature of human testimony—the of retention or suppression of the evidence of important witnesses—of the manner in which the prosecution was conducted. The public who cheered so loudly at the last trial hailed what they knew to be a defeat of the police. They knew that Pelizioni had been captured and charged by police-constables, and that the police had selected and arranged the evidence. On the other hand, the exculpation of the convict was due to the wisdom and energy of a private individual (Mr. Negretti), who had not only discovered the actual culprit but brought him to confession. Nor could it be forgotten that, even after Gregorio had been convicted, the chief of the metropolitan police had involved himself in a public discussion in the columns of the press, wherein he sought to vindicate the acts of his subordinates, already proved before a competent tribunal to be wrong. Therefore, what the public cheered so heartily was not the mere acquittal of a wretched Italian, but a triumph of justice.

Another case, tried within the last few days, but not reported by any of our contemporaries, furnishes an apt illustration of the system which the case of Pelizioni served to expose. Some time since we recorded how two respectable labouring men were arrested and tried at the Old Bailey on a charge which was utterly false. The case, we may remind our readers, was overthrown mainly through the almost accidental circumstance of a conversation between a policeman and another witness for the prosecution. An attorney's clerk overheard the two, in a public-house near the court, arranging the details of evidence to be given. Their conversation was at once written down and forwarded to Mr. Sleight, counsel for the defence; and he, with indefatigable ingenuity, extracted, not from the listener, but from the witnesses themselves, severally, a full confession of every sentence which had passed between them. The policeman was Tesban, 70 B, and we expressed our conviction that he would no longer be permitted to disgrace the force. He has since been dismissed ignominiously. His accomplice, who was committed for perjury by the Common Serjeant, was last week tried, convicted, and sentenced to nine months' hard labour. Another policeman, a sergeant, who attempted to bolster up the original case by deposing to words tantamount to a confession on the part of the prisoners upon the first trial, has received a warning from the Commissioners. It may be wondered why policemen should expose themselves to such defeats and disgraces as these. The reasons are, firstly, that there is a temptation to bring themselves forward as active and intelligent officers, in the hope of promotion; secondly, that a policeman engaged in a prosecution obtains an opportunity of a kind of holiday or skulk, during which, in default of better employment, he lounges about the Sessions House, and obtains gratuitously as much liquor as he can carry with regard to the preservation of the appearance of sobriety. The police get up at least one half of the criminal cases. They carry in the indictments to be tried early or late, according to their own convenience or inclinations. The remedy for these evils would be the appointment of a public prosecutor. For lack of such an official the police become partisans in getting up cases, and not unfrequently yield to the opportunities offered them of supplementing defective evidence, or of keeping back matters important to the defence.

A wonderful bit of flunkeyism was perpetrated by a Coroner's jury, at Escrick, upon an inquest on the body of a gamekeeper, shot dead, accidentally, by young Lord Wenlock. The jury appended to their verdict an expression of condolence with his Lordship and his family. The unfortunate keeper left behind him a wife, sister, and widowed mother, all of whom he had supported. Surely the sympathies of the jury might have been better bestowed upon these poor women. Had the case been reversed, and had the keeper shot the Lord, where would then have been the condolences of the jury?

POLICE.

THE HAMPTHEAD-HEATH BARBARITIES.—William Holden and John Morris, donkey-drivers, were charged before Messrs. Marshall, France, and Reid, at Hampstead, by Mr. W. Love, the chief officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with having cruelly ill-treated and tortured two donkeys on Hampstead-heath the previous afternoon.

The evidence of Mr. Love and another's society's officer went to show that the first-named prisoner went out driving four donkeys upon which four boys were riding, and one of the animals was so weak that it lagged considerably behind the rest, the prisoner following it, beating it most unmercifully over its hocks and hind-quarters, causing the animal to stagger at each blow. The prisoner uttered the most disgusting oaths as he went along. The beating was kept up 300 or 400 yards. The prisoner Morris was driving another donkey, and carrying the handle of a carter's whip about a yard long, and, after belabouring the animal for some time about its back, he knocked it down in the road, and, before it could recover itself, again beat it most brutally.

The magistrates, after commenting in severe terms upon the prisoners' brutality, observed that it would be useless to inflict fines in these cases. They therefore committed both prisoners to the House of Correction, with hard labour, for fourteen days.

A SMASHER CAUGHT.—John Riley, a suspected person, was brought before Mr. Flowers, on remand, charged with having counterfeit coin in his possession. Mr. James Brennan, sen., agent, and late inspector of police, deposed that from information received he had occasion to suspect the defendant of being concerned with certain notorious smashers, and he accordingly watched him. On April 7, in company with Inspector Potter, of the G division, and other officers, he went to St. Martin's-lane, and placed himself in a shop which commanded a view of Porter-street. Presently he saw the prisoner coming along the street. He passed witness, who followed him to the corner of West-street, and then seized him by the collar. The prisoner attempted to escape, but Inspector Potter came to his (witness's) assistance, and they took him into custody. "They asked him if he had any 'base coin' about him, and he replied 'No.' On searching his pockets, however, they took out a packet containing between forty and fifty counterfeit shillings, wrapped up in four small parcels. The prisoner, in explanation of this circumstance, said "he picked up the packet in the street, and was going to take it to the police-station, when the officer accosted him."

The prisoner, who appeared quite a young man (about eighteen or twenty), offered no defence to the charge. He was fully committed for trial.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE transactions in Home Stocks have been only moderate this week; nevertheless, the fluctuations in prices have been trifling. Consols for Money, have realised 91 to 91½; Ditto, for Account, 91½; Reduced and New Three per Cent, 89½; Exchequer Bills, 4s. to 7s. prem. The quantity of stock floated is only moderate. Bank Stock, 240 to 245.

These securities have ruled steady, and the quotations have been well supported. India Stock, 215 to 218; India Five per Cent, 107 to 111; Rupee Paper, 102 to 103 and 109 to 111; India Bonds, 14s. to 14s. prem.

There has been a moderate demand for accommodation, and the supply of credit in the discount market is very large. In Lombard-street the best bills are now done as follows:

Thirty Days' Bills	24 per cent.
Sixty Days'	24
Three Months'	24
Four Months'	24
Six Months'	24

A new Mexican Loan has been announced in Paris for £10,000,000. It is authorised by the Finance Minister.

Bar silver has changed hands for Holland at 60½d. Mexican dollars are held at 50½d. per ounce.

It is stated that the Greek Government have paid to the three protecting Powers the sum of £200,000 in discharge of the interest due upon the Guaranteed Loan of 1853.

The Council for India have disposed of £300,000 in bills, at a further reduction in the rate of exchange of more than 1 per cent.

The leading change in the value of Foreign Securities is a heavy fall in the Confederate Loan, the quotation being 17 to 18. Greek Bonds, however, and other foreign securities, are not materially altered in price from last week. The amount of business transacted has been somewhat restricted. Brazilian Five per Cent, 1860, 83½; Egyptian Seven per Cent, 1863, 94½; Ditto, 1864, 94½; Greek, 24½; Russian Three per Cent, 1863, 53½; Ditto, 1864, 53½; Ditto, 1865, 53½; Russian Five per Cent, 1863, 53½; Ditto, 1864, 53½; Ditto, 1865, 53½; Spanish Deferred, 41½; Ditto, Passivo, 31½; Ditto, Certificated, 16½; Swedish Four per Cent, 1863, 53½; Turkish Six per Cent, 1864, 78½; Ditto, 1865, 78½; Ditto, 1866, 78½; Ditto, 1867, 78½; Ditto, 1868, 78½; Ditto, 1869, 78½; Ditto, 1870, 78½; Ditto, 1871, 78½; Ditto, 1872, 78½; Ditto, 1873, 78½; Ditto, 1874, 78½; Ditto, 1875, 78½; Ditto, 1876, 78½; Ditto, 1877, 78½; Ditto, 1878, 78½; Ditto, 1879, 78½; Ditto, 1880, 78½; Ditto, 1881, 78½; Ditto, 1882, 78½; Ditto, 1883, 78½; Ditto, 1884, 78½; Ditto, 1885, 78½; Ditto, 1886, 78½; Ditto, 1887, 78½; Ditto, 1888, 78½; Ditto, 1889, 78½; Ditto, 1890, 78½; Ditto, 1891, 78½; Ditto, 1892, 78½; Ditto, 1893, 78½; Ditto, 1894, 78½; Ditto, 1895, 78½; Ditto, 1896, 78½; Ditto, 1897, 78½; Ditto, 1898, 78½; Ditto, 1899, 78½; 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 Chapter II.—The Stable and the Horse of all Work.
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 Chapter XXVIII.—Rivalry.
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 A new series of colours in the Plain Mexican Cloth,
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 2500 yards of Rich Black Silks,
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 Good Black Glacé Silks, 18s.
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 Rich, Bright, Wide, and Durable,
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 Rich Black Pout de Soie, £1 15s. 6d.
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 Hundreds of Moire Antiques, all Silk, £1 19s. 6d.,
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 Thousands of Wedding Silks, very new,
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 3 guineas and 3 guineas.
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 Neat, useful, and recherche Silks for Young Ladies, from £1 7s. 6d.
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 Rich, bright, wide, and durable,
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 Patterns free.
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BLACK GRENADINES, Barèges,
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 Plain, Striped, Checked, and Embroidered, for Dinner, Even-
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 During April we shall sell Black Lace Shawls that are worth
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 both sides alike,
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 £1 13s. 6d. to £2 15s. the Full Dress.
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 The largest variety in the Kingdom, 15s. 6d. Full Dress.

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RUMCHUNDER and TUSSORE SILKS,
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 The best Selection, the finest goods, and the cheapest in
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 JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.
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 New Striped Glacé, 14 Yards, £2 2s.
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 JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.
 Linen and Cotton Sheetings, best makes, all widths,
 Irish and Scotch Table Linen, Napkins, and Slips,
 Made and Marked with Crest or Initial, and Warranted for Wear.

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 in all the most prevailing styles of the season,
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